CANADIAN POETRY—A MINORITY REPORT

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I

PROFESSOR E. J. PRATT'S recent article in the Quarterly on the present status of English-Canadian poetry has sent me to a number of other attempts by Canadian poets or critics to evaluate the contemporary native product in terms of the achievement of the past, and I have been struck by the fact that the only thing all the articles have in common is a more or less all-pervading, but usually ill-defined, sense of uneasiness or dissatisfaction. Occasionally this is given direct and even truculent expression; sometimes the reader absorbs it rather furtively, reading between the lines; and sometimes it is rationalized out of existence or sublimated into patriotic boasting. Yet whether the critic denounces, excuses, points with pride, or merely throws out a smoke screen, he betrays, it has seemed to me, a feeling of insecurity that sometimes amounts almost to bewilderment. Canadian poetry is lost, or it hasn't found itself; new vistas are opening ahead of it, or it has come to a dead end. It is either up a tree or it has slipped from its high estate, and it needs somebody to give it a fresh direction. It should mirror the aspirations of the struggling masses; or it should return to the grand manner and high morals of our fathers. The older poets are too sentimental, and the young are too brainy. The denizens of the Canadian pantheon haven't much to say, but they feel deeply and they love God and Nature; the modern poets are obscure. . . .

One may be pardoned if he succumb to a feeling of mild bewilderment too. Everyone seems to be giving directions at once. Some hopeful souls are urging the use of whip and spur; others, more cautious, advise check rein and curb. But where, after all, as Roy Campbell boldly demanded in a somewhat similar connection in South Africa, where's the bloody horse?

II

Now I am not one of those people, gently castigated by Professor Pratt, who love every literature but their own and who hear the muses singing in the isles of Greece but never stop to listen for

them on the old Ontario strand; nor am I one of those lovers of the new who have no patience with whatsoever our fathers have found of good repute. I certainly do not wish to blow frost on the idea that Canada has produced a considerable body of respectable and interesting poetry. The belief, however, which most of the standard anthologists and pontifical critics assume, suggest, and sometimes even state, namely that our "great poets" have given us a national poetic literature comparable in power and fidelity to that of England or the United States—this belief is so fantastic that no one outside Canada can be made to believe anybody really holds it.

Here, by way of illustration, is an example, and not a particularly flagrant one, of the undiscriminating praise bestowed on our standard poets by our most influential critics. Professor Pratt rightly maintained that the true goodness of Archibald Lampman's poetry lies in its direct and sincere realization of the Canadian landscape and the Canadian atmosphere, that Lampman is essentially a nature poet, and that this is enough. But it isn't enough for the representative critic whose judgment I wish to examine. I quote from Mr William Arthur Deacon's *Poteen*:

> There is a fineness about Archibald Lampman that, coupled with an instinctive artistry, spells immortality. . . . Too much stress has always been laid upon him as a Nature poet: the phrase is so unnecessarily limiting. A quiet, serene poet, he did describe and interpret Nature more beautifully and adequately than any other has yet done, but to him man was as much a part of Nature as the autumn maples and he was seer enough to perceive the same life quickening all things:
>
> Not to be conquered by these headlong days,
> But to stand free; to keep the mind at brood
> On life's deep meaning, nature's altitude
> Of loveliness, and time's mysterious ways.
>
> A liking for Lampman is sure proof of taste in poetry.

Now, however much we may admire the sentiments of the lines quoted, it is surely impossible to find in them much more than a rather sluggish movement and a succession of trite and pseudo-poetic phrases—the verse, indeed, is far below the level of Lampman's best; and that such a passage should have been selected by our critic as a touchstone of taste effectively invalidates the assertion with which he concludes. Furthermore, when he declares that Lampman has described and interpreted Nature more beautifully

and adequately *than any other has yet done*, I, at least, can only assume he means "than any other *Canadian poet* has yet done." Reading the passage in its context does not, however, lend any support to my assumption, and I am left wondering whether, after all, Mr Deacon really does fancy that Archibald Lampman is the greatest of all nature poets. The difficulty of deciding is increased by the fact that it is not quite certain such an opinion would be rejected by all our critics, some of whom, apparently, have not read Wordsworth, Crabbe, John Clare, Robert Frost, or Edward Thomas. Lampman is inferior to any of these poets. But they have set high standards, and to be excelled by them is in itself no disgrace. Canadian critics should realize this.

III

I have said that most of the articles on Canadian poetry published in the last few years have seemed to express in one way or another a sense of uneasiness or even alarm. What seems to be troubling the well-wishers to our literature most is the fact that Canadian poets—the quick and the dead alike—are not read, indeed, are hardly even known, in England and the United States. A number of explanations and excuses have been advanced. I shall leave out of consideration the theory that the underlying cause is national jealousy, that it is attributable to the Englishman's contempt for the colonial or to the hard-headed Yankee's rejection of all spiritual values, and concentrate instead on two factors that without doubt do contribute to the isolation of our poets.

The first is the fact that our anthologies do not represent our poetry as effectively as they might. This is due partly to copyright difficulties, but more to the artificial (non-poetic) standards set up by the estimable persons who compiled them. The result is that collections like the *Oxford Book of Canadian Verse* and Garvin's *Canadian Poets* contain, in addition to a rather small minority of genuine living poems, a "great majority" made up of the worst poems of the best poets and the best poems of the worst poets, in such abundance that the stranger is distracted and dismayed. The one test that the anthologists never fail to make is the test for "Canadianism." If a poem does not exhibit some obvious and often superficial manifestation of being Canadian, it must treat the grand, serious themes with solemnity and unction. But if it's unmistakably Canadian, it may be as trivial as it likes.

There are exceptions, of course. All the anthologies contain some good poems, though these are hopelessly outnumbered. A revision, a weeding out, a new discovery—this is the task that is waiting for an anthologist with taste and courage. There is an immediate and vital need for a revaluation of our standard poets, based upon a careful examination of every poem, line by line and stanza by stanza. What it is useful to know is not the historical significance of a poem in the development of Canadian literature but its absolute poetic vitality. We want to know whether the poem is alive or dead. Can it speak to us in a language we recognize as that of a man, not of a bird or a book? Can we accept it without putting half of our personality—the mind—to sleep? Has it ever been, or can it become again, a part of life? Very few of the pieces in the *Oxford Book of Canadian Verse* could survive such a scrutiny, but those that could would gain immeasurably in effect if set free from the cloying atmosphere in which they exist there.

Let us consider for a moment the treatment of Bliss Carman in the anthologies. This poet, because his appeal is the easiest and his lyric note the purest, is the most widely known of all Canadian poets. At his best, his technique is sure and his line firm. No other Canadian has ever quite achieved the strange union of rapture and awe that makes his best poems so magical.

> Come, for the night is cold,
> The ghostly moonlight fills
> Hollow and rift and fold
> Of the eerie Ardise hills!
>
> The windows of my room
> Are dark with bitter frost,
> The stillness aches with doom
> Of something loved and lost.
>
> Outside, the great blue star
> Burns in the ghostland pale,
> Where the giant Algebar
> Holds on the endless trail. . . .

Such writing as that, without ever losing touch with reality, takes us into the unique realm of sensation and feeling, and communicates a mood in which the world and life and time are experienced with a new and heightened consciousness. That, it seems to me, is the achievement of great poetry.

But Carman's work is extremely uneven. The good is very good, and the bad is very bad, and in the earlier books the proportion of good poems is high, while in the later it is low. That a man capable of the majestic music of

> The sun goes down, and over all
> These barren reaches by the tide
> Such unelusive glories fall. . . .

should also be capable of echoing "The May Queen" in a long jingle beginning,

> Make me over, Mother April,
> When the sap begins to stir!

and ending,

> Make me anything but neuter
> When the sap begins to stir!

is, perhaps, not without precedent in literary history, but that the two poems last quoted should be placed side by side in the *Oxford Book of Canadian Verse* emphasizes a point that is close to my present thesis. And that point is this. When English and American anthologists, like Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch in *The Oxford Book of Victorian Verse*, Mr E. V. Lucas in *The Open Road*, and Mr Louis Untermeyer in *Modern American Poetry*, have represented Carman—the only Canadian, by the way, that any of them includes, and that, too, I suspect, under the assumption that he is an American—they have represented him, it seems to me, by poems of uniformly high quality. But the Canadian anthologists, such as Campbell and Garvin, seeking apparently for the bulk commensurate with a major national poet, have mingled the good, bad and indifferent all together. Yet it is not, one soon discovers, so much that they wish to represent the poet completely, at all levels of achievement, as that they can't distinguish between different levels of achievement. Discrimination has never been an essential part of a Canadian anthologist's equipment. Enthusiasm, industry, sympathy, yes; but taste, no.

But the inadequacy of our anthologies cannot be held responsible for the failure of living poets to win recognition outside the Dominion. Some Canadian bards, of course, are content with the more modest rewards and the greater glory that is comparatively easily attained at home, and find in the plaudits of the Authors' Association an adequate compensation for the neglect of New York and

London. But if our literature is to make good its claim to be a living voice of national significance, our poets will have to realize that they cannot live to themselves alone; they will have to recognize that, whether they like it or not, they are in open competition with the whole English-writing world. If they shrink from imposing on themselves standards as high as those of the literary world of England and the United States, they will have to expect neglect and resign themselves to bask forever in the tempered airs of the native nursery.

Instead of this, let our younger writers at least send their poems to the best literary magazines in London and New York, and their books to the great publishing houses. They will stand every bit as good a chance of being judged on their merits and, if talented, of being encouraged as any other writer. And this is what our most vigorous poets have always done. Bliss Carman's work was first published in Boston, Mr E. J. Pratt's in London. Mr Morley Callaghan, our finest novelist, won his first success in Parisian "little magazines" and in New York. After he had been acclaimed by American and English critics, whether or not the Canadians followed suit mattered very little. Yet, notwithstanding such exceptions as these, it is mainly true that Canadian writers—and particularly Canadian poets—have failed to win recognition abroad. The going, to put it bluntly, has been too tough. Our poetry is, for the most part, a provincial poetry—good enough for home consumption, but not strong enough for export.

A few critics are beginning to face this fact, and our publishers must always have had to. But most Canadians, instead of being willing to pull in their horns, admit their limitations, and seek in our very narrowness a source of strength (as, for instance, by opposing the claims of regionalism to those of nationalism), are raucous and busily practical. Canadian Book Weeks are inaugurated to supply artificial stimulation to the home market, and the producer is pepped up by being herded into the sheepfold of an authors' association, where, from the very first, commercial, social, and patriotic ideals have taken precedence over all others.

In the meantime, explanations have been probed for, and some scapegoats have been found. One of these is the Canadian public, which, if any public should, ought to support Canadian poets. It is accused of neglecting this high responsibility, of being indifferent to poetry, and, indeed, of practically entering into a tacit conspiracy

to starve all poets to death. Yet this is hardly fair. Taken by and large, the Canadian public is no more boorish and no less boorish than the British public or the American public. Poetry doesn't pay (in the sense that stockbroking does) in any country today.

But the Canadian public is, in one respect at least, an unusual one. It is, and inevitably still must be for a considerable time to come, a colonial public. While self-reliant and self-assertive in the field of material conquest, in the realm of culture and intellect it is timid, eager to please, and stupid. It is half conscious of its weakness, and terribly anxious, therefore, to be assured of its strength.

One of the characteristics of colonialism is ambition. Energy, pride, self-assertiveness, the sense of property, these the North American colonist always possessed. It was not long, therefore, before the claims of nationalism made themselves heard. Most of the American colonists made good the claim in a political sense and by force of arms in 1776. Those who remained loyal to England, held Quebec and Lower Canada, and finally spread westward through the Prairie Provinces to the Pacific, carried with them the germs of the nationalistic ideal—an ideal which in Canada has been as significant and influential as if it were real. While the Canadians were not and could not be an independent and homogeneous race, and while politically they do not, even today, think of themselves as a wholly independent nation, they have with an ever-increasing intensity been dreaming of themselves as a people that ought to have (and hence by an easy transition as a people that does have) a national literature.

Critics arose, mostly college professors or journalists, who made it their main business to look for, and find, some special quality, tone, or *thing* in the verse written in Canada which was uniquely expressive of the Canadian soil or of the Canadian landscape or of Canadian human nature. The worst of these critics wrote the fattest books, and since the field was a new one and everyone was glad to be praised, their work was accepted as a just and sensible evaluation of the highways and headwaters of Canadian literature.

And yet it is not only the extremists among the patriotic critics who have been led astray by the search for a national spirit. An objective and uncompromising study of Canadian poetry *as poetry* remains to be written. Poetic excellence is taken for granted, or brushed aside as of only secondary importance, provided a piece of

verse is an obvious manifestation of "the Canadian spirit." As a matter of fact, a sort of double standard has unconsciously been set up. Canadian poetry is treated as if it were produced in a vacuum. It is written by, for, and about Canadians, and it is evaluated solely in terms calculated not to wound Canadian susceptibilities. Our academic critics have been so bookishly revelling in the joys of Canadian lyricism with the "Group of '61," or noting their raptures anent the trills of such indigenous throstles as Wilson MacDonald or Audrey Brown, that they have no idea where in the world today significant poetry can be found. I wonder whether any Canadian critic over forty has ever heard of—much less read—such significant modern poets as Wallace Stevens, Marianne Moore, Louis MacNeice, Laura Riding, John Crowe Ransom, or—one might almost dare to add—Gerard Manley Hopkins and Ezra Pound. How many of them have read the *Faber Book of Modern Verse*, or studied the criticism of Ogden and Richards, T. E. Hulme, Wyndham Lewis, William Empson, Herbert Read, Kenneth Burke, or Christopher Caudwell? Would it ever occur to a Canadian critic to apply the standards of such men as these to the analysis and appraisal of Canadian poetry?

IV

Form is always important, and if I seem to diverge for a few moments from my main theme to examine certain peculiarities of style which our critics praise or indulge in, I do so because in reality it is only to return to my thesis from a new point of departure.

Most writers on Canadian poetry, one soon discovers, have felt it necessary to assume a somewhat heightened style, to indulge in a rather spectacular display of metaphor, and, instead of saying anything fresh about the poetry, have given us their own impression of it in a sort of appreciative prose substitute. It is the critic's sensibility, not the poet's, we really learn about. For instance, Mr Deacon quotes, apparently with approval, Wilson MacDonald's characteristic assertion that Charles Heavysege's little poem, "Self-Examination," was "the breaking of the golden flagon of song in Canada." This means that the poem marks the appearance in Canadian literature of a pure and intense lyrical quality, and the style of the statement is intended to suggest in itself that lyric quality. The first stanza of the poem is as follows:

Open, my heart, thy ruddy valves;
It is thy master calls;
Let me go down, and curious trace
Thy labyrinthine halls.

Now, about this, two things are obvious: that it looks like a piece of diluted Poe, and that the lack of feeling for the sounds and connotations of language, revealed by "thy ruddy valves" in the all-important opening line, effectively prevents the thought and mood from being communicated today with adequate intensity. And when in the second stanza one finds the awkward noun "ken" pressed into service for the sake of the rhyme, and in the third stanza the writer's heart apostrophized as "thou covered nest Of passions," one realizes that the golden flagon of song is, indeed, a broken one, and that the wine spilled is of a rather poor vintage year. Mr Deacon, however, reaches no such conclusion, for he complacently indicates that the poem is one which usually represents Heavysege in the anthologies, and after quoting MacDonald's trite metaphor exposes its absurdity by quoting the mediocre poem.

One more example of florid writing and confused criticism must be cited. It will lead us quickly back to the heart of our present inquiry. I quote from Dr J. D. Logan's *Highways of Canadian Literature*. The subject is Charles Mair's unassuming lyric called "The Fireflies." Dr Logan writes as follows:

They who, with master artistry, write delineative poetry, shall hardly achieve, in short and single phrase, so apt and clear and vivid a picture of the Canadian firefly as Mair's incisively realistic and genuinely poetical line:—

Thou fairy hunter of the moonless night.

That is masterly. . . .

This bit of verbiage, was held up to ridicule by Mr A. M. Stephen in a brilliant and well-informed attack on the critics, read—apparently in vain—to the Canadian Authors' Association two or three years ago in Vancouver. It is a sample of jargon that would have delighted Fowler. What, for instance, is "delineative poetry"? And why should Dr Logan forbid those who "with master artistry" write it from achieving, if they can, a picture of the Canadian firefly?*

*It is possible that there is here some complex overtone from the subjunctive and that the professor's use of *shall* is within the letter of the law. His statement certainly *seems*, however, to express a forbidding imperative, though the writer, of course, intends no such thing. Such confusion nearly always

A more important point, however, is this. The line quoted may well be what the critic considers genuinely poetical, but the one thing it isn't is realistic, incisively or otherwise. It presents no detail, no picture, no concrete image. *Fairy*, *hunter*, *moonless*, and *night* are all perfectly general words, and the line, therefore, is abstract and vague. Its connotations are mildly romantic, and this is what Dr Logan means by "genuinely poetical." Lastly, and most important of all, how the line applies to the Canadian firefly and not to the New England firefly or to the English glow-worm is a mystery that only a Canadian critic would dream of concocting.

This, indeed, is but another instance, small but significant, of the rabid determination to find an elusive Canadianism in every bit of verse published in the Dominion. It is a determination that has distracted our critics for too long from the real problem of evaluation, and has led them to judge the worth of a poem not in terms of the whole range of English poetic experience but in terms only of Canadian things. They view the poem in its northern isolation, through the mists of which it looms larger than it is. What the critic who would be useful in Canada today would do with Mair's verses I am not prepared to say, but of one thing I am sure. Before making any assertions about their aptness, vividness, concision, delineative excellence, or genuine poetic quality, he would compare them carefully with certain poems on a similar theme by Herrick, Marvell, and Lovelace.

We find ourselves again, then, concerned with what I think is at the centre of our present discontent. Let me state this as directly as possible.

The most pernicious influence upon Canadian poetry is, and for a long time has been, the optimistic spirit engendered by our adoption of special standards. We have stealthily acquired an enervating habit of making allowances, which in turn has cajoled us into accepting the mediocre as the first rate—*for us*. And it has meant in the long run (and, of course, with some exceptions) the condemnation of our poetry to a lonely exile within our borders.

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results from jargon, though whether here it is due to pedantic carefulness, utter carelessness, or ignorance I am myself too ignorant to decide certainly. It is beyond doubt, though, that the love of the lush phrase—that besetting vice of our academic critics—is at the root of the trouble.

V

And now after so much petulant jingling of the harness, the time has come to remember the bloody horse. What of the poetry being written in Canada today—what is it like? What is its value judged by other than native standards? Who is writing it, and under what conditions? To answer such questions fully is not possible here. I can do no more than present a few rather general observations and suggestions.

In the first place, I do not think the best poetry is to be found in the books of the best known and most highly praised names. Wilson MacDonald has written a few poems of power and dignity, but an examination of his best book, *Out of the Wilderness*, reveals the general havoc wrought by the self-deceiving desire to be a Canadian Bard, to be popular, to be bold, to say everything as loudly as possible, and to be sure that nothing will be beyond the comprehension of even the dullest son of the Dominion. As a result, he produces poems that are almost as good as Alfred Noyes and others that are worse than Robert W. Service. And Mr Deacon writes that ". . . at times he is invested with an originality of conception savoring of seership. For versatility we have had nothing to equal him, varying as he does from the sweetest of light lyrics to the profoundest meditations. . . ."

Audrey Brown is another poet who has won academic praise and popular applause. This time it is for writing longish mythological narratives, nature poems, and romantic lyrics in a lush redundancy of second-hand Keatsian vocables. The plain sense of her work, such as it is, is easy to grasp; the language is recognizably "poetic;" the imagery is richly coloured but not startling, and the emotions are those a poet is expected to have. But that the whole thing has been incomparably better done by Keats and the pre-Raphaelites and that this, after all, is a real world, not a dream world—these considerations weigh little with the critics and the public.

No, for the most part, our best poetry will not be featured on the shelves of the fashionable booksellers. It will be found in a couple of volumes by Dorothy Livesay and Leo Kennedy, in E. J. Pratt's *Newfoundland Poems*, *Titans*, and *The Witches' Brew*, in two volumes, *Laconics* (1930) and *Sonnets* (1932) by W. W. E. Ross, of Toronto, and scattered among the books of a number of

careful craftsmen, such as F. O. Call, Leo Cox, Arthur S. Bourinot, and A. M. Stephen; and it will be found here and there in the files of the *Canadian Forum*.

Among the most important of the contributions which the *Forum* has made to the intellectual life of the Dominion has been the encouragement it has given two very significant types of poetry, the metaphysical lyric and the political satire. It has been especially distinguished by the satirical verse of L. A. MacKay, which for polish, wit, and epigrammatic force deserves to rank with the best work in this kind that any English poet has produced in the last score of years. I may cite among fairly recent examples of Mr MacKay's weight and brilliance, the lines on General Franco's Moors in Spain, the dialogue between the shades of Cromwell and Walpole on Mr Chamberlain's foreign policy, and the excellent ballad of Ontario's shabby-genteel liquor laws called "Frankie Went Down to the Corner." Other contemporary Canadian poets, also, are doing a good deal to make up for their predecessors' neglect of satire, some of A. M. Klein's most richly living poetry being of this sort. The comic vitality of Pratt's *The Witches' Brew*, while not satiric, is nevertheless a welcome relief from the traditional solemnity of the Canadian bard. F. R. Scott's best verse is entirely in the field of satire.

There is little need to say much here about the work of Dorothy Livesay and Leo Kennedy. Both of these young writers have rigidly disciplined themselves in their craft, and they have succeeded in lopping away from their style all extraneous ornament and all extravagance or clumsiness of diction. And at the same time they have found what is for them a significant subject-matter in the Marxian class struggle. It is no exaggeration to say that they are making a contribution to proletarian poetry that is also a contribution to poetry.

To me, however, the most interesting of all the Canadian poets of today are two men who are not nearly so well known as anyone I have yet mentioned—Robert Finch and W. W. E. Ross. Mr Finch is an intellectual poet. Of the six contributors to *New Provinces*, he is the most elegant and the least sensuous. His verse is not without feeling, but the feeling is so carefully husbanded and so fastidiously winnowed that one is impressed with its delicacy and precision rather than with its abundance and strength. At its most intense, it expresses an aesthetic emotion: an emotion which

rises out of the effort to compel an order from a given experience. Finch's poems are interesting for more than their subject-matter. They illustrate excellently a quality that has not previously appeared in Canadian literature, a quality that may be named *dandyism*.

Mr Ross, though almost completely unknown in Canada, has been welcomed by such a distinguished literary journal as *The Dial* and has been printed and discriminatingly praised by *Poetry: a Magazine of Verse*. The fact that those of us concerned in the preparation of *New Provinces* failed to include some of his poems was a mistake that left the book poorer than it might have been.

Mr Ross's verse differs fundamentally from that of Mr Finch. Where the latter is complex, subtle, and sophisticated, Ross is astonishingly simple, fresh, naïve. He responds to experience with a naked simplicity and directness that makes us see things set free from the scale of habit. It is as though the poet and hence his reader were looking at a train or a fish or a meadow for the first time, and with a child-like eagerness that instinctively rejects whatever is non-essential or derivative. Let me quote one poem in support of what I say.

THE DIVER

I would like to dive
Down
Into this still pool
Where the rocks at the bottom are safely
deep,

Into the green
Of the water seen from within,
A strange light
Streaming past my eyes—

Things hostile,
You cannot stay here, they seem to say;
The rocks, slime-covered, the undulating
Fronds of weeds—

And drift slowly
Among the cooler zones;
Then, upward turning,
Break from the green glimmer

Into the light,
White and ordinary of the day,
And the mild air,
With the breeze and the comfortable shore.

It is such a return as this, to the light of the ordinary day and the mild air of the comfortable shore, to simplicity, directness, and humility, that our poetry and criticism most urgently need to make.

VI

Allow me, before I end this paper, to address a word directly to the young man who has talent and sincerity, who lives in Canada, and who wishes to be a poet. Talking over the heads of the petty versifiers that Professor Pratt, as editor of the *Canadian Poetry Magazine*, so acutely became aware of, I would say to such a writer something like this:

Do not be anxious for fortune or fame. You will probably get neither. Don't think of writing as a game or a racket. Don't try to get in the literary swim. Don't flatter reviewers or butter the critics.

Set higher standards for yourself than the organized mediocrity of the authors' associations dares to impose. Be traditional, catholic, and alive. Study the great masters of clarity and intensity —Dante, Chaucer, Villon, Shakespeare, Dryden. Study the poets of today whose language is living and whose line is sure—Eliot, Pound, the later Yeats, and Auden. Read the French and German poets whose sensibility is most intensely that of the modern world— Baudelaire, Rimbaud, and Rainer Maria Rilke. Read, if you can, the Roman satirists.

Send your verse to the best English and American literary magazines. Until you are sure that your work is acceptable there, leave the Canadian magazines alone.

And remember, lastly, that poetry does not permit the rejection of every aspect of the personality except intuition and sensibility. It must be written by the whole man. It is an intelligent activity, and it ought to compel the respect of the generality of intelligent men. If it is a good, it is a good in itself.

SHAKESPEARE'S JEW

ELMER EDGAR STOLL

I

SHYLOCK again? But I shall endeavour to forget what I have written about him, and others have written about him, and be for the time the simple auditor and spectator whom Shakespeare sought to interest and move. I cannot turn into a London citizen at the Globe or the Curtain; but I can rely upon my eyes and ears and everyday wits, as he did and Shakespeare expected him to do, instead of examining my own consciousness or bowing to that of my predecessors.

Shy. Three thousand ducats; well.
Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.
Shy. For three months; well.
Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.
Shy. Antonio shall become bound; well.
Bass. May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?
Shy. Three thousand ducats for three months, and Antonio bound.
Bass. Your answer to that.
Shy. Antonio is a góod màn.

There has been no preliminary remark except Antonio's word to Bassanio in scene 1,

Therefore go forth,
Try what my credit can in Venice do;

in scene 2 we have been in Belmont; and the Jew's first four words arouse us. It is a fine instance of an abrupt beginning that on second thoughts is not abrupt; and what does the money-lender mean by his echoing responses, and especially by the final speech, not echoing or echoed, or apparently relevant?

That he is a Jew we see by his beard and gaberdine, probably also by his high hat, red hair, big nose, and foreign accent. Is he, then, doubtful of the security, or intent upon a bargain, or now that for once he has the whip-hand, tantalizing his suitor? But soon our curiosity shifts a bit and focusses upon Antonio. "Good," spoken cautiously, not admiringly, is a professional word, we either perceive or presently learn. Antonio is "good" in the sense that a "risk" is so pronounced by an insurance agent, a book (another

risk) by a publisher, which Bassanio is not business-like enough to perceive:

> *Bass.* Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?
> *Shy.* Ho, no, no, no, no. My meaning in saying that he is a good man is to have you understand me that he is sufficient. Yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he has a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath, squand'red abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men; there be land-rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves, I mean pirates, and then there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient. Three thousand ducats; I think I may take his bond.

Concerned for the security, he yet thinks he may take the bond: he has in mind, then, something else. Interest, any sort of which was at that time "usury"? He keeps his counsel, and asks for none. "Be assured you may"—"I will be assured I may; and that I may be assured, I will bethink me." No ordinary bargain, this, and he enjoys it as perhaps never before. "May I speak with Antonio?" Bassanio invites him to "dine with us," but at that the old man rears his head: "I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto?" He is precision and decision itself, in matters not now of importance; and he pointedly changes the subject.

In comes Antonio; and thereupon Shylock has an aside in which he lets the audience have a glimpse of his hand, his heart. "If I can catch him once upon the hip!" Such is his purpose—though we see not the whole of it, and nothing of his plan. Even this much one of our present-day dramatists would not have disclosed, nor have vouchsafed him a soliloquy. He would have kept the audience guessing to the end of the scene, after the proposal of the "merry bond:" he would have forced his audience to think rather than to feel. Shakespeare chooses the middle course—makes them think first and then feel, but upon feeling he is more intent. He does not expect too much of them, and insures his effects: he throws a light both backward and before. So we begin to attribute a deeper import to the Jew's interest in Antonio's ventures, perceiving that the interests of lender and borrower are not, as they are ordinarily supposed and are now pretended to be, identical. Less puzzled, we are more concerned.

Had the lender's further purpose remained longer or more completely a mystery, it is doubtful if the full impression of the tone and manner of his speech could have been produced. By his repetitions the Oriental wraps and muffles his purpose up, keeping the Christians, though not the audience, in the dark. But what does he mean by "Ho, no, no, no, no"? It is an effusive disavowal of anything like an imputation; as he presently says, with a sinuous, insidious rhythm, to Antonio himself when he appears, "I would be friends with you, and have your love." To Bassanio now he has only given the merchant's "commercial rating." Good he has not really called him—"my meaning in saying that he is a good man is to have you understand me that he is sufficient." By his quick reiterated interjections the stately gravity of his demeanour has been broken; and now upon them comes this devious, specious reassurance. But after that sly rising inflection, the rhythm takes a fillip—"Yet his means are in supposition"—and we prick up our ears. The whole sentence breathes uncertainty and expectancy, with perhaps a financier's contempt for a merchant's "venture," a Hebrew's scorn for a Christian's prodigal folly, in the retarded movement of "squand'red abroad." The accursèd traffic for him! Immediately thereupon the pace of his thought is resumed and accelerated, and he runs from one concrete anticipation to another, the metaphors being not of the prettiest! In the midst he stops to explain one of them—"I mean pirates;" but only to run on again—"and then there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks." With that he reins himself in; and pursing his lips, pulling at his beard, lifting his eyebrows, he surprisingly, but not too positively, comes back to the opinion from which he started: "The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient. Three thousand ducats; I think I may take his bond." These are strange ways for business, meant, evidently, to be the crafty and devious ones of them that wear the gaberdine, money-changers of the Temple.

II

In the subsequent long aside or soliloquy, mentioned above, Shylock gives his reasons for hating Antonio—his being a Christian, his bringing down the rate of interest by lending gratis, his "hatred of our sacred nation, his railing on me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift, which *he* calls interest." All of these reflect upon

Shylock, not Antonio, particularly in Shakespeare's and earlier days. Thrift is a word to which the usurer is addicted, and on his lips it has a special meaning. "And thrift is blessing," he presently avers, "if men steal it not"—keep within the law. Interrupted in his ruminations, he replies:

> I am debating of my present store,
> And, by the near guess of my memory,
> I cannot instantly raise up the gross
> Of full three thousand ducats. What of that?
> Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
> Will furnish me. But soft! how many months
> Do you desire? [*To Ant.*] Rest you fair, good signior;
> Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

A faithful account of his meditations he could hardly be expected to render; but is he any more sincere in saying that he hasn't the money at hand, or that he has forgotten the number of months, than he is in his pretence of not having noticed Antonio before, or in his sentiments of politeness? His memory really is excellent, as appears next moment and frequently afterwards. "Is he yet possess'd how much ye would?" asks Antonio, and before the lender knows it he gives answer:

> Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.
> *Ant.* And for three months.
> *Shy.* I had forgot; three months; you told me so.
> Well then, your bond; and let me see;—but hear you;
> Methought you said you neither lend nor borrow
> Upon advantage.

Evidently he is beating about the bush. He has been cogitating upon something else than an ordinary humdrum Rialto bargain, and also, if he has enjoyed his new-found importance with Bassanio, he enjoys it still more with Antonio. For once he has the floor, and he will keep it. "I do never use it," Antonio simply replies to the question about interest, but for Shylock the words contain a reproach:

> When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep—

and as he starts the story he raises his hand and rises to his full stature, with a preacher's or a rabbi's zeal, irrelevance, and want of humour. For once the Gentiles cannot choose but hear. Antonio, in the interval, has contrasted with Shylock, as, though a suitor, he has pretended to no politeness: "Shylock," he said simply, in

response to the cringing salaam of "Rest you fair, good signior," and now he does no more. "Did he take interest?" he inquires; and the usurer falters and stumbles, then stiffens and perseveres:

> No, not take interest, not, as you would say,
> Directly interest. Mark what Jacob did. . . .

There off he goes again, and, in self-justification, complacently repeats the sacred story of patriarchal perfidy. He has interest "on the brain," though this time he will not take it. He is determined to make his point, though here it has no connection. He has all of a Hebrew's relish for argument. Antonio picks flaws in the precedent, especially on the principle, accepted among the honest and respectable in Shakespeare's day and earlier, that gold and silver, "barren metal," should *not* be made to "breed" like ewes and rams. Thus Shylock's analogy collapses; but after this unsuccessful sortie he has his impregnable practical advantage to fall back upon. As if merely ruminating, he covers his retreat as he again takes up the tune—

> Three thousand ducats; 'tis a góod roùnd súm.
> Three months from twelve; then, let me see: the rate. . . .

In " 'tis a good round sum" he feels and weighs the bag in his hand.

"Well, Shylock," interrupts Antonio, "shall we be beholding to you?" But not so fast! And now, without more ado, comes a broadside, the explosion of his long pent-up resentment:

> Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
> In the Rialto you have rated me. . . .

He recalls his grievances, which he has borne with a patient shrug but which, if only in requiring a hearing, he will make him pay for now;

> Hath a dog money? Is it possible
> A cur can lend three thousand ducats? Or
> Shall I bend low and in a bondman's key,
> With bated breath and whispering humbleness,
> Say this:
> "Fair sir, you spat on me on Wednesday last;
> You spurn'd me such a day; another time
> You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
> I'll lend you thus much moneys"?

But Antonio, strong and stout in his medieval and Elizabethan virtue of contempt for both usury and usurers, has nothing to retract. He is likely to call him so again, to treat him so again, and for his straightforwardness he meets with the straightforward

spectators' approval. He does not "storm," though Shylock says so as he now takes pains to smooth things over:

> Why, look you how you storm!
> I would be friends with you, and have your love,
> Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
> Supply your present wants, and take no doit
> Of usance for my moneys, and you'll not hear me.
> This is kind I offer.

"No doit of usance," of itself, arouses misgivings in the spectators, and the words "your fair flesh" in the terms of the contract, presently proposed, do so still more. Bassanio demurs, but up the Hebrew lifts his hands in deprecation:

> O father Abram, what these Christians are
> Whose own hard dealing teaches them suspect
> The thoughts of others!

And again he proceeds to argue:

> A pound of man's flesh taken from a man
> Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
> As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats.

He is as literal-minded as when he explained the figure water-thieves; he has no sense of humour, or (which comes to the same thing) does not stop to consider whether Bassanio and Antonio have any. Of tenderness and delicacy he has still less—"taken from a man"!—and there he gives himself away, as also he does when, in the excitement of closing the bargain, he forgets what he had said of borrowing from Tubal—

> And I will go and purse the ducats straight.

Tubal was a blind, afterwards not unknown to Little Moses, Isaac of York, and Fagin.

III

In this latter part of the scene the Jew's hypocrisy is more obvious, his friendliness more fulsome. Bassanio, therefore, must needs have misgivings in order to preserve his reputation for intelligence and affectionateness; and only by Antonio's confidence in the arrival of his ships is he justified in permitting the bargain to be closed. But Shylock in the first place is made so egregious and unctuous on the same principle as Tartuffe, for the sake of the audience. Like him, he is, in the words of Dumas the Younger

"modelled in high relief;" for though off the stage hypocrisy must not be perceptible, on the stage it must be. How he cringes and fawns, and as he appeals to the patriarch plays the innocent! Yet through all his changes, from hypocrisy to caustic bitterness and blood-thirsty villainy, the method of expression is remarkably identical—harsh but harmonious, and, on the surface, grave, stately, and proud. His homely full-syllabled Anglo-Saxon vocabulary is charged with biblical reminiscences, and, as Brandes has noticed, is frequently cast in the mould of a question (with or without an answer) instead of a statement, a thing not uncommon in the Hebrew Scriptures. "What of that?"—"Hath a dog money?"—"Hath not a Jew eyes?" In the Old Testament this rhetorical method abounds. "But what! is thy servant a dog?" asks Hazael of the prophet. "Why have ye conspired against me, thou and the son of Jesse?" cries Saul. "Then Abimelech answered the king and said, 'And who is so faithful among all thy servants as David, which is the king's son-in-law . . .'?" Jehoram, Rabshakeh, Naaman—"Are not Abana and Pharphar, rivers of Damascus . . . ?" —have the same way of answering, and so has many another. Often the sacred writer himself thus comes to a conclusion: "Now the rest of the acts of So-and-So are they not written in the book of the chronicles of the Kings of Israel—of Judah?" Hebraic, too, are Shylock's sarcasms, his caustic, sardonic wit instead of humour. "I will be assured I may," he retorted early in the scene; and now he puts the pointed question, "Is it possible a *cur* can lend three thousand ducats?" There is sting after sting in the harsh melody and taunting rhythm of the passage ending

> and for these courtesies
> I'll lend you thus much moneys?

How he sneers, and jeers, and "rubs it in" as he hisses out his ironical inquiry, bowing and looking up!

IV

He does not appear again till Act II, scene 5. When last on the stage he was on the way to his house, "left in the fearful guard of an unthrifty knave;" but in the interval we have made the knave's acquaintance. A victim of thrift, he is as ready to leave the house as Jessica, who calls it "hell;" and if anything were

lacking to Shylock's humourlessness it is now provided in his first speech as, nettled by his servant's want of appreciation, he pursues the subject incidentally, while he calls his daughter:

> Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,
> The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio.—
> What, Jessica!—Thou shalt not gormandise
> As thou hast done with me,—What, Jessica!—
> And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out;—
> Why, Jessica, I say—

In this matter Launcelot's eyes are the judge already! And in keeping with the old skinflint's humourlessness are his sobriety and his pride in that. He is a Puritan; and the Puritans of Shakespeare's time (or on his stage), who gave their offspring Hebrew names and much preferred the Old Testament to the New, were Pharisees. He has their hatred of innocent mirth:

> What, are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica,
> Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum
> And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife,
> Clamber not you up to the casements then, . . .
> But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements.
> Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
> My sober house.

Again he translates his metaphor—were not the Puritans "precisians"?—"I mean my casements." Launcelot, as he runs away on Shylock's errand, bids Jessica look out, nevertheless, for Lorenzo.

> *Shy.* What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?
> *Jes.* His words were 'Farewell, mistress!' nothing else.
> *Shy.* The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder,
> Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
> More than the wild-cat. Drones hive not with me.

Nor do they care to! There is a momentary relenting in "the patch is kind enough;" but tenderness and humanity are immediately swallowed up in the abysmal afterthought. For an instant Launcelot is to him a human being; the next he is an animal again, the sort of horse or dog that the canny owner takes pains betimes to get rid of. In the two long syllables of "huge feeder" the groan of parsimony reaches our ears; then the grave and harsh melody of his speech is resumed. "Drones hive not with me"—in itself the sentiment is not ignoble, nor profane. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard!"

V

The next scene in which he appears is the first in Act III, where Salanio and Salarino are discussing reports of Antonio's losses. In a previous one they have chuckled over Shylock's passion, "so strange, outrageous, and so variable," as he bewailed his daughter, his jewels and ducats; in this we are to enjoy the spectacle for ourselves. He comes in brooding, and on espying these young blades, reproaches them as parties to the conspiracy against him, with characteristic repetition, now less controlled: "You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight." And here his literal-mindedness appears again: "My own flesh and blood to rebel!"

Salanio. Out upon it, old carrion! Rebels it at these years?
Shy. I say, my *daughter* is my flesh and blood.

Either he thinks Salanio has misunderstood him, or he has misunderstood Salanio. Yet, though he misses the impudent jest, he keeps his own wit in trim. "Why," Salarino interposes, "thou wilt not take his flesh. What's that good for?" And Shylock: "To bait fish withal. If it will feed nothing else it will feed my revenge."

Then follows the famous speech—"Hath not a Jew eyes?"—full of rhetorical questions and answers, but too long and too familiar to quote. As it begins in revenge so it finishes; and the point is not that because your Jew is like your Christian, the Christian should spare him, but that for this reason the Christian should expect like treatment from him, only more of it—"it shall go hard but I will better the instruction." In such a spirit he engages in the delectable colloquy with Tubal. To the question, "Hast thou found my daughter?" his compatriot replies, "I often came where I did hear of her but cannot find her;" and not really irrelevant is the rejoinder:

Why there, there, there, there. A *diamond* gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort. The curse never fell upon our nation till now. I never felt it till now. Two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels. I would my daughter were dead at my foot—and the jewels in her ear. Would she were hears'd at my foot—and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them? Why so? And I know not what's spent in the search . . . . Why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief. . . .

With that he falls into an Oriental wailing. Except in Germany, where there is small prejudice against it, I have never witnessed

the scene upon the stage: as it must needs be acted, it would not harmonize with the pathetic or prophetic Shylock that with us precedes and follows it. But it harmonizes with the Shylock before and after it in Shakespeare. The avarice in him is now more vociferous; but now it is the avarice in him that is touched—"When you prick us, do we not bleed?" Before and after, the motive is the less sordid one of revenge, this being somewhat elevated by racial and religious sentiments. It still appears, but—the curse never fell upon our nation till now!—in its more comic aspects. A diamond gone—"two thousand ducats"—and other precious, precious jewels, each of which he remembers with a pang,—it is these, not the daughter, but "the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief," that are the subject of his heartfelt lamentation. He wishes her "dead at his foot"—"hears'd at his foot," for better so than mated with a Christian; but what would be the good of wishing her there without the jewels and ducats upon her?

VI

The great thing, however, is the expression. It is prose now, not verse, for the passion is more extravagant, the vein comic, not tragic. The cloak of dignity is flung from him but many of the mannerisms, exaggerated, remain. The repetitions are insistent, like those in the first scene, when he feared the borrower might escape him—"Ho, no, no, no, no;" but this excitement is of a different and heightened sort. It is frantic. Cries of rage and shrieks of joy alternate and accumulate as Tubal tells him of Shylock's own misfortune and then, for comfort, of Antonio's:

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too. Antonio, as I heard in Genoa—
Shy. What, what, what? Ill luck, ill luck?
Tub. Hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.
Shy. I thank God, I thank God. Is't true, is't true?
Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escap'd the wreck.
Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal; good news, good news! Ha, ha! Here in Genoa!
Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, in one night, fourscore ducats.
Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me. I shall never see my gold again. Fourscore ducats at a sitting! Fourscore ducats!
Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors, etc.
Shy. I am very glad of it. I'll plague him; I'll torture him. I am glad of it.

Fourscore ducats—'tis a good round sum. It is not at seeing his daughter no more that he is grieving. At every word he has

of her he is angered; and for a miserable monkey she has given a ring, he remembers which: "Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal. It was my turquoise; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor. I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys." At that we do not, like some modern readers, drop a tear; we have more sense of humour than Shylock himself, less tenderness than the critics. But "Antonio is certainly undone," croaks Tubal.

> Nay, that's true, that's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him if he forfeit: for, were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal.

Wherefore? why away to the synagogue? the honest Elizabethan wonders, and suspects. These writhing repetitions suggest all sorts of sanctimonious deviltry, and demand of the actors an Oriental winking and leering, wagging of heads and waving of hands. This can be no honest business, the usurer's and good Tubal's, "at our synagogue." "For, were he out of Venice". . . .

Not that this is his only motive, though it is more urgent than the loss of his daughter. He seeks revenge for injuries past and present, not only for bargains "thwarted"—"he hath hindered me half a million"—but for contemptuous usage. And in refusing Bassanio's offer he even goes the length of losing more ducats still. It costs him no visible struggle; he hesitates not an instant. "Il faut voir," says Joseph Baretti, in 1777, "avec quelle rage le maudit Fils d'Israël sacrifie son avarice à la soif du sang de son ennemi." That is as it would have been in Molière, after the French fashion of a contention of motives. In Géronte's bosom, however, it is an alternation between two agonies, his son or the ransom; in Shylock's it is between agony and delight, his losses and Antonio's own. His avarice he sacrifices unflinchingly, for it is but as, later, the flesh escapes him that he snatches at his pelf. And yet in the long run—"make what merchandise I will"—is he sacrificing much?

VII

It is in keeping not only with the situation but Shylock's mind and temper that he should insist on law to the last jot and tittle. It is also in keeping with the Jewish mind and temper as we know them both in the Scriptures and in present-day intercourse, and as the report of it has descended to us with all the prejudice of

tradition. A stiffnecked people who worshipped the law, when they were not breaking it, who kept it on the whole and profited by it, and they have been the greatest arguers, lawyers, and litigants to this day. And so, with no tenderness or indulgence, Shylock is presented here. In the scene with Salanio and Salarino he harped on the theme "let him look to his bond;" and now, in the next, with Antonio and the gaoler, he cries, "I'll have my bond," "I'll have my bond," "I will have my bond," and stops his ears. He has sworn an oath, he avers, that he will take no less.

In this spirit he appears in court. He has resumed some of his gravity, but underneath it the fires are burning. "I stand here for law"—"I crave the law"—"My deeds upon my head," he cries at intervals—like his forefathers before the Roman. Again and again he declares he will have nothing but "the penalty and forfeit." Early in the hearing he refers to his oath, in relentless accents:

> And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
> To have the due and forfeit of my bond.

Later he is offered thrice the principal:

> An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven!
> Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
> No, not for Venice.

The latter is, perhaps, his most picturesque and concentrated utterance. In the first line he bursts out in passionately pious reassertion, in the second he bows in cunning and sarcastic inquiry, in the third he pulls himself up again in the pride of refusal. But, picturesque and prophetic, he is a perjurer; for later, when he finds that he cannot have the flesh without "the penalty," he is eager to take three times the principal, or even the principal alone—without thought of his oath. "Shall I not have barely my principal?" The oath may be only a pretext, like his having to borrow of Tubal, but in effect it is the same as if it weren't. And his literal-mindedness and insistence upon the letter of the law are now given their finest illustration as to Portia's recommendation of mercy and charity he rejoins,

> On what compulsion must I, tell me that . . . .
>
> Is it so nominated in the bond? . . .
>
> I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond. . . .

And therefore it is not binding! When it is a question of mercy or charity, with him it is one of compulsion, and he cons the wording of a document! Of the New Dispensation he has heard but knows it not; and he argues shrewdly before this, within the rigid limits of his logic. It is "a losing suit"—on that specious, pitiful bit of idealism he plumes himself, in the spirit of what he said about the marketable value of man's flesh in comparison with beef or mutton—but he nevertheless would win it. And still he wags his bitter tongue. "Can no prayers pierce thee?" cries Gratiano.

> No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

But even so he shows again no humour, which is a living and generous sense of the complications and limitations of human nature. When Bassanio and Gratiano frantically vow to Antonio that they would sacrifice everything, even their own wives, to save him, he snarls to himself:

> These be the Christian husbands. I have a daughter;
> Would any of the stock of Barrabas
> Had been her husband rather than a Christian.

So, in his argument to the court before this, he gives himself away as he insists that if he can produce no other reason for his suit than "his humour"—his fancy—he is only like a man who does not love a gaping pig, or is mad if he beholds a cat, or cannot contain his urine when the bagpipe sings i' the nose; and as he insists that if, the pound of flesh being dearly bought, and therefore his, he "will have it," he is only like those who, purchasing slaves, use them as they will because the "slaves are ours." Even in the management of it the argument is like him—clear-cut and incisive, with question and reply. It is all ordered, pointed, punctuated. "Is it answer'd?"—"What, are you answer'd yet?"—"Now, for your answer"—"Tell me that." He has the contentious and hortatory, didactic and dialectical, quibbling and sophistical genius of his race.

Above all it is the same style of utterance—question and repetition, apostrophe and exclamation—the same grave and relentless bearing until his tenderest spots are touched, and thereupon frantic and explosive. Towards the end, however, not only his combative but his stately manner collapses; the spirit has gone out of him; and it is thus, in aftertimes, that he has moved men to compassion:

> Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that.
>
> I pray you, give me leave to go from hence.
> I am not well.

But there is no compassion on the stage. Everybody there and in the audience has seen how with what measure he meted it had been measured to him again; and his not feeling "well" probably got him only a laugh or a jeer. In the courtroom it has not been "healthy for him," as the school-boys say; and it is old-fashioned, school-boy justice that here prevails. Not a soul considers how, if the Jew is cruel and revengeful, he has in the long run been made so. And indeed these last words of his are not noble. Money gone, all is gone.

> You take my life
> When you do take the means whereby I live.

Not a word is there of his daughter: she has little more place in his heart than he in hers. And this is the first scene of the fourth act, with his exit from which he drops out of the play, forgotten.

VIII

Of what would the figure of Shylock remind the audience? Of Jews at first hand they may have known little. There were Jews in England, but illegally and by connivance. As I have suggested, he would rather remind them of the precisians and Pharisees in their midst, who "put on gravity," were keen on money and, more than other Christians, addicted to usury. They, too, were given to biblical phrasing and scriptural allusions, preferably of the Old Dispensation. They Hebraized, in short. Shylock would not be taken for a Puritan with a capital letter, and was not meant to be. Yet the Elizabethans could hardly help thinking of the Rabbi Zeal-of-the-Lands, the Ananiases and Tribulations round about them, if not as yet upon the stage; and it is not unlikely that such picturesque customers as these offered suggestions to Shakespeare's imagination.

The thoughtful, however, would be reminded still more of the Hebrews in the Scriptures; and it must have been mainly these that, in the dim distance, sat as Shakespeare's models. A great dramatist has not one model but many, and depends on none; he picks up a hint here and another there—or rather in the past he

has done so—and makes a new creation. And Shylock is highly individual, not a type, by no means the Jew in general. Yet this grim gravity, this prophetic manner, these proud memories, this cursing, railing, and wailing, this stubbornness, relentlessness, and fanatical cruelty, this trickery and cunning—such striking features, which, in combination, he may have had little chance to paint from life, he could easily have found in the Old Testament. The duplicity of Abraham, of Rebekah and her favourite in dealing with his father and his brother, of Jacob in bargaining with his father-in-law, and of Rachel in absconding with the teraphim, and their descendants' wholesale murderous treachery practised upon the Shechemites! The vindictive Hebrew Deity himself can for the most part afford to dispense with deceit, but he stoops to it when he makes use of "a lying spirit" to lead Ahab to destruction. So with the humourlessness and the sardonic wit. There is, for example, Elijah, who "mocks" at the priests of Baal before he slays them by the brook, four hundred and fifty together: "Peradventure he sleepeth." Of the rhetorical and disputatious, picturesque and exalted style we have spoken already. Something of that is to be found in the utterance of the Jew today when not too much in converse with the Gentiles; and some of Shylock's intonations are more like those of the Jew of the Ghetto or the Judengasse than anything I recognize in the Bible:

> Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
> Shall I not have barely my principal?

There, particularly in the second line, is, if my ear does not mislead me, the very undulation of pitch that would accompany his wheedling, reproachful utterance. The upper note would be struck at the first syllable of "barely" and at the first and the last of "principal," as certainly as his palms would be uplifted and outspread. The imagery, however, drawn from nature—the dog, the cat, the pig, the snail, the wildcat, the drone, the rams and ewes —seems, in homeliness and raciness, and the ugliness and offensiveness of some of the particulars, to be biblical in cast. There is in the Bible noble and beautiful imagery, but its imagery is often more forcible than beautiful, like that of the dog and his vomit. And the gestures! Is not Shylock of these who grasp each other's beards and kiss, bow to the ground, fall on their knees or their faces, take to their beds, turn their faces to the wall, tear their

hair, rend their garments, beat their breasts, throw ashes on their heads or else sit down among them? And to mingle with the dramatist's biblical lore came the inherited and accumulated prejudice of more than a thousand years against a strange and peculiar people, with different manners and *mores* (and therefore suspected), different ethics and religion (and therefore detested), but also charged with crucifying children, poisoning wells, periodically cursing Christ, and continually hatching plots, against church or state or individuals, in their synagogues. It is remarkable that, with all these temptations to caricature, the Elizabethan has succeeded in giving us so human and interesting a figure.

IX

In prejudice he was created, like Dickens's Jew; for like every popular artist, especially a dramatist, Shakespeare shared the opinions and morals, the sympathies and antipathies of his public, but from a higher level. Like everybody else he believed in omens, ghosts, and witches, and yet he was not what then or now would be called superstitious. He was enlightened and tolerant, without, apparently, the principles of enlightenment or tolerance. In his own day he is not conceivable as engaging in persecution, or as approving it either, and still less—at the moment had I better say, "not even"?—in this. Hear him joining in the totalitarian hue and cry, hear him transcendentally defending it! In the last act the Jew is forgotten; and before that he has been made more laughable than hateful, more human than villainous. As such, he is not a fair or faithful presentation of the Jewish type; in his "heavy" role he could not be. Besides, Shakespeare is still more indifferent to the psychology of races than of individuals; he treats character poetically, with due regard to reality but in no subservience to it; he creates it. The important thing to him and to us is not that the creature should stand the test of racial realism, or of a merely human psychological consistency, but that simply as we see and hear it on the stage it should hold together—act and above all speak like a man, the sort of man it is intended to be—and move or amuse us. And both Shylock certainly does!*

*In the *Shakespeare-Jahrbuch* (1938) I take up the subject of Shylock once more because of Professor Charlton's treatment. There I forgot to cite Middleton Murry's able reply (*Shakespeare* N.Y., 1936, 164-73) to the New Cambridge editors' interpretation of the play, which Mr. Charlton's resembles.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE CIVIL SERVICE

W. D. SHARP

THERE are two ways in which the significance of the term "civil service" in Canada and Great Britain differs from its significance in the United States. In the first place, in Canada and Great Britain the term covers only the national service (in Canada the provincial as well as the federal); in the United States it is extended to cover local government. In the other respect, however, the meaning in the United States is more restricted. "Civil service," writes Professor Leonard D. White in relation to the United States, "is used as synonymous with the merit system: that is, that portion of the public service, selected through examination and possessing status, permanent tenure, and usually a retirement pension. The merit system, more specifically, is the body of law and regulations which confers such status in order to diminish the effect of politics and patronage, referred to generally as the spoils system."

The formal interpretation of "civil service" in Canada and Great Britain covers something both narrower and wider than this. In the reports of the two latest Royal Commissions on the Civil Service in Great Britain "civil servants" are defined as "those servants of the Crown, other than holders of political or judicial offices, who are employed in a civil capacity, and whose remuneration is paid wholly and directly out of moneys voted by Parliament." It does not include officials of local government. As so defined, the civil service in Great Britain included nearly five hundred thousand persons in 1936; only about seventy thousand of them would come within the scope of the term "civil service" as used in the United States.

It is not the object of this article to examine the first of these two distinctions—the inclusion of local government in the American use of the term "civil service." The second distinction is interesting in itself because—as so often happens when American and English usage differs—the American usage throws much light on the popular English conception of the term, and still more light on its historical evolution.

The ordinary Englishman may regard the civil service with disgust, with envy, or sometimes even with admiration; but however

he regards it, it is pretty certain that he does not think of the civil service in terms of postmen, dockyard apprentices, or even school-inspectors. These are not the "new despots" whom Lord Hewart has assailed, nor are these the Dillies and Dallies whom a popular cartoonist has depicted. The Englishman's disgust of the civil service may lead him to include within its ranks the tax-inspector, as the instrument of a particularly painful policy, drawn up, as he vaguely supposes, by more exalted bureaucrats; as it happens, tax-inspectors are recruited by examination and draw a pension on retirement. But in general the Englishman in his dislike of the civil service thinks of the men who work in and around Whitehall.

Again, when the Englishman turns to the civil service as a career for himself or his son, or regards it with envy as a sheltered industry in comparison with his own insecurity, he considers it from the point of view of its permanent tenure and its pension. He is also vaguely aware of a competitive examination as the obstacle that stands between him and this paradise. If he takes an "unestablished" post in the civil service, it is mainly because it brings him a little nearer his goal of a post on the pensionable establishment.

It is curious that the civil service should be so generally regarded not from the point of view of what it does, but from the point of view of how one enters it and how one leaves it. There is probably also a general impression that the hours are short, the holidays liberal, and the work not too exacting.

Let us turn back to the 'fifties, when the competitive examination was introduced, pensions were standardized, and the term "civil servant" first came into general use. For the state of the civil service in Great Britain at or before the beginning of the decade it is not necessary to rely on Dickens's *Little Dorrit*, nor yet on the more sober account in Anthony Trollope's *Autobiography*. We may consider the *Papers relating to the Re-organisation of the Civil Service*, presented to Parliament in 1855, which contain not only the proposals of Sir Stafford Northcote and Sir Charles Trevelyan, but—what is even more interesting—the comments on those proposals made by a large number of persons inside and outside the service. The persons consulted include some who have gone down to history (Jowett, Master of Balliol, Liddell the lexicographer, Sir James Stephen, Permanent Secretary of the Colonial Department and later Regius Professor of History at

Cambridge, John Stuart Mill, and Sir George Cornewall Lewis), and some who have no memorial, even in the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

The Northcote-Trevelyan report, despite the moderation of its wording, was in effect a scathing indictment of the civil service, and it is impossible within the scope of this article to do justice to the bitter controversy that it aroused. I am tempted, however, to quote from two of the writers, first because (unlike most of the others') their style is incisive and pungent, secondly because they had both had long experience of the civil service, and thirdly because they both opposed the Northcote-Trevelyan reforms, and their testimony is on that account the less suspect. Sir James Stephen writes:

> The majority of the members of the Colonial Department in my time, possessed only in a low degree, and some of them in a degree almost incredibly low, either the talents or the habits of men of business, or the industry, the zeal, or the knowledge required for the effective performance of their appropriate functions. . . . It would be superfluous to point out in detail the injurious results of such a composition of one of the highest departments of State. Among the less obvious consequences of it, were: the necessity it imposed on the heads of the office of undertaking, in their own persons, an amount of labour to which neither their mental nor their bodily powers were really adequate; the needless and very inconvenient increase of the numbers borne on the clerical list; the frequent transfer of many of their appropriate duties to ill-educated and ill-paid supernumeraries, and the not infrequent occurrence of mistakes and oversights so serious as occasionally to imperil interests of high national importance.

The other writer from whom I would quote is a Mr Edward Romilly. All that I can find about him is that he was Chairman of the Board of Audit, put forward several schemes for minor reforms of the civil service, was appointed one of the original members of the Civil Service Commission in 1855, but resigned after six months, ostensibly on account of ill-health and the pressure of his other duties. Nowadays his attitude would be called reactionary; but there is a clear-sightedness about him, and a complete absence of cant, which is distinctly refreshing. In a memorandum dated 1848, enclosed with his letter, he writes:

> The first great disadvantage under which the Civil Service labours is to be found in the first appointments. It is no doubt very natural that a father who has parliamentary influence, and half a dozen boys, should look to clerkships in a public office as a very safe and natural provision for one or two of them. But if he has common prudence and common affection, he will take care not to select for this situation the genius of the family. *He* can shift for himself in one of the

liberal professions, especially if, in addition to powers of mind, he should be blessed with health and strength of body. The one who is destined for the service of the public is of course the weakest of the brood. He has less chance of raising himself by his own exertions in the world, and is accordingly picked out for a Government office.

. . . I have been twelve years the member of a board, and during that period not one candidate has ever been rejected; and only one, who was wholly incapable, was, with difficulty, induced to resign, after a still greater difficulty on the part of the board to say that they would reject him if he did not. . . . Each commissioner shrinks from the responsibility of injuring the prospects of an individual; and no one thinks of that invisible and immaterial being, the public. *Good nature is the bane of public offices*, and is more productive of mischief than any other good quality that can bless mankind.[1]

Mr Romilly was obviously on the point of summing up the civil service as "a refuge for the intellectually and physically destitute;" but even his engaging frankness is tempered by the characteristic caution of the civil servant, and he modifies it to: "*One cannot be surprised* that a public office should be *sometimes described* as *little better than* a refuge for the intellectually and physically destitute."[2]

How then did a civil service so composed perform its functions? Here again Sir James Stephen, when he writes of the heavy concentration of work on the heads of Departments, probably gives the clue to the answer. Mr Romilly also urges—rather inconsistently—that a larger number of the higher offices of Government should be bestowed on persons already in the service. Trevelyan makes the same point. "The ordinary Civil Servants," he writes, "are superseded because they are incompetent, and they remain incompetent because they are superseded."

It seems clear that the real work of Government was done by a small number of persons, almost wholly distinct from the ordinary civil service. These persons included the Ministers themselves, the Political Secretaries (who went in and out of office with the Ministers and probably wielded a much greater power than their present successors, the Parliamentary Under-Secretaries), and finally the Civil Secretaries. These Civil Secretaries were chosen, as vacancies occurred, by the Ministers in power, almost always from outside the service; but when the Ministers went out of power, they remained. They were in effect the permanent heads of the Departments; and the indications are that in general they were chosen with care.

[1]The italics are Mr Romilly's. [2]The italics are mine.

One further question remains. In 1851 there were forty-three clerks at the headquarters of the Colonial Office, apart from "office-keepers," messengers, and porters. If all the real work of the Department was done by one or two of them, how did the others spend their time? They addressed and sealed envelopes no doubt, and did a vast amount of copying; but even so they could hardly have been very fully occupied.

Towards the end of this period of patronage the terms "civil servant" and "civil service" were increasingly used. Romilly used both terms in his memorandum of 1848, but very sparingly; six years later, in a paper by the same author on a similar subject, the use of the terms is relatively four times as frequent. There is a census, dated 1851, of "the principal Departments of the Civil Service;" and although a distinction is made between "established" and "unestablished" staff (in other words, between those who had regular pension privileges and those who had not), the term "civil service" included both classes. It was used indeed in the comprehensive sense which still prevails in Great Britain; and the total numbers, fifty-four thousand, are fairly comparable with the total of five hundred thousand at the present time.

The Northcote-Trevelyan report led to the appointment, in 1855, of the Civil Service Commission. For its first fifteen years, its powers were very circumscribed, and fell far short of what the report had envisaged. It tested candidates for junior appointments in the civil service, in respect of age, health, character, and ability; but the persons to be tested were nominated by the Departments, and the Departments prescribed under each head the standard of the tests. The only power of the Commission was, apparently, to declare that a particular nominee failed to come up to the standard that his nominators had themselves prescribed; the Departments got over even this difficulty by fixing their standards absurdly low. For the Indian civil service an examination was soon devised of approximately university standard; but whereas candidates for the Indian civil service had to "investigate the differential equation to the projection of the lines of curvature which pass through a given point of a curved surface," the India Office at home was content with "arithmetic (including vulgar and decimal fractions)."

The Commission had some success in persuading Departments to adopt competitive examinations (confined, of course, to nominees) instead of merely qualifying tests. The practice no doubt suited

the Departments; for the Commission could hardly refuse to certify a candidate whom it was desired to appoint, provided two other candidates could be found who were even worse than he. Graham Wallas discovered that "there were two gentlemen known as the 'Treasury idiots,' and if it was very necessary that the nominated candidate should get in, he was ordered to compete against these two gentlemen."

Slight as were the powers of the Commission, the Departments could evade them entirely by deciding that a particular post required a man of mature age and special qualifications; in that case no certificate from the Commissioners was required.

It is not surprising that the conditions in the government service remained much the same as before. There is evidence that until well on in the 'seventies, no one in either the Colonial Office or the Home Office below the Permanent Under-Secretary was allowed to "minute on paper;" and in 1876 the appointment of ordinary civil servants to the chief posts was mentioned as quite exceptional (three cases being cited), and as evidence of "the possession of transcendent merit." At the other end of the scale there grew up a large class of "writers;" they were purely temporary, and were transferred from one Department to another, or turned off altogether, as the work fluctuated. Writers proper received ten pence an hour; but there was also a class of boy writers who began at four pence an hour, but received a halfpenny an hour extra after each year of approved service. How the ordinary civil servants spent their time becomes even more of a mystery.

This state of affairs might have continued indefinitely, until such time perhaps as public opinion should rise in its wrath and sweep away the whole system. That which chiefly prevented a solution so contrary to English traditions was the passing of the Superannuation Act of 1859 (which in its main principles remains in force to this day). And the Act brings me back to the subject of this paper by introducing a novel meaning of the term "civil servant."

Various attempts had been made from 1810 onwards to regulate the pensions of government officials; but this particular bill, unlike all previous acts, aimed at comprehensiveness. The Act of 1834, for example, had laid it down that such-and-such offices should be pensionable, as defined in a schedule to the Act. In 1859, "under

this Bill," announced Disraeli, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, "every person in the Civil Service, of the age of sixty, would be permitted to receive his full superannuation."

Questions poured in. Would the Bill apply to dockyard labourers and to Post Office servants in the provinces? What would be the total cost? Sir Stafford Northcote, Parliamentary Secretary to the Treasury, said that he had received so many communications on the subject that he proposed to make a general statement at the earliest opportunity. The general statement was made at the Committee stage. Sir Stafford, while repeating that the Bill would extend superannuation to "all persons belonging to the public service," now used the phrase "all officers belonging to the permanent Civil Service of the State." He drew the line at certain dockyard labourers, because "they were not in the position of permanent civil servants," as well as all persons paid out of County rates and not out of Imperial funds. He was sorry to say that the increase of expense "must be so much a matter of conjecture" that he felt it "quite impossible to make any satisfactory statement with regard to it."

The House received this lame explanation with some disgust, and Mr Gladstone joined in the opposition.

> The old system of pensions [he said] was founded on schedules, and the House was made clearly and distinctly aware of the nature of the steps which they were taking. This was a subject on which it was eminently necessary the House should have full knowledge of that which they were about to do, because they were not enacting to-day that which would take effect tomorrow, and of which tomorrow would give experience for correction the day after. They were enacting now that which would not take full effect for the next forty or fifty years, and they were now entering into a new set of engagements, every one of which, even if it reached over half a century or more, must be kept absolutely sacred, however onerous might be the consequences.

It was clear that the only satisfactory way of limiting the liabilities involved by the Bill was to define the term "civil servant," and Sir Stafford had apparently conducted a long correspondence with the various Government Departments on the subject, but all in vain. In the end he did succeed not in limiting the liability but in defining the term "civil servant." The definition was embodied in an additional clause to the Bill, introduced at the very end of the Committee stage; and the House, apathetic no doubt after the excitement of a week before, when the Government had been defeated on Disraeli's Reform Bill, passed the clause without a

division. It reads as follows: "For the purposes of this Act, no person hereafter to be appointed shall be deemed to have served in the permanent Civil Service of the State unless such person holds his appointment directly from the Crown, or has been admitted into the Civil Service *with a certificate from the Civil Service Commissioners*. . . .

Thus was the Civil Service Commission set on guard over one of the most important privileges of the civil services, pensionability. Further, the Act virtually took away from the Departments their power of appointing a person of mature years without certification by the Commissioners. Their formal right presumably remained; but there was very little scope for its exercise when they were unable to offer any prospect of a pension to their nominees. On the other hand, another clause of the Act gave the Treasury a right to appoint a person of mature years without certification, and to offer him a pension much in excess of the ordinary scale. This right, however, was heavily safeguarded: every such appointment required a Treasury Order or Warrant; the instrument of appointment had to show exactly what pension was proposed, and it had to be laid before Parliament.

The next advance was made in 1870 by an Order-in-Council which appeared to throw open the whole civil service to open competition. During the next ten years the British civil service began to attract the attention of observers from the United States; and it is not surprising that they should have carried back to their own country the notion of a civil service associated with examinations, permanent tenure, and pensions. And yet, as we have seen, less than one-seventh of the British civil service, as formally defined, combines the conditions associated with "civil service" in the United States.

A closer scrutiny of the Order-in-Council helps to solve the problem. The principle of competitive examination was extended to all the Departments included in a Schedule A. All the chief Departments find a place in that schedule, except the Home Office and the Foreign Office; the Home Office was added a few years later, and the Foreign Office accepted the principle of open competition voluntarily. There was also a Schedule B of situations exempted altogether from the provisions of the Order, but the original schedule consisted of only three entries, and its importance was at first merely formal. The Order covered temporary situations as well as

permanent, and thus would seem to be reasonably comprehensive.

But almost as soon as the Order came into force, a tendency arose to withdraw particular situations from Schedule A and to add particular situations to Schedule B. By 1875 the withdrawals from Schedule A amounted to thirty-four entries; and the additions to Schedule B amounted to nearly two hundred entries (some of them composite). To withdraw a situation from Schedule A had the effect of substituting a qualifying for a competitive examination; on the other hand, the situation remained pensionable. To add a situation to Schedule B exempted it from examination altogether; on the other hand, it withdrew the right to a pension. To quote from the seventeenth report of the Civil Service Commission, "any tendency which may exist to claim this exemption finds a natural check in the provisions of the Superannuation Act of 1859."

Thus at last we have the outline of the civil service as it exists in Great Britain today. It consists, so to speak, of three concentric rings. The inmost ring is the civil service in the American sense, recruited by competitive examination, and possessing security of tenure and the claim to a pension. The next ring consists of persons who likewise have security of tenure and the claim to a pension, but who are not recruited by competition, though usually some sort of written examination, and invariably a medical examination, enters into their recruitment. The outermost ring contains all sorts and conditions, shading into one another like the colours in the spectrum: some of the persons are part-timers, though most of them serve full-time; some are merely temporary, while others have a reasonable security of tenure; some are on their way to "establishment," some have a prospect of establishment, while others have no chance at all; some even have a claim to a "compassionate gratuity" on retirement. But none of them has obtained a full certificate from the Civil Service Commission, and none of them (unless he enters the establishment subsequently) has any claim to a civil service pension. The inmost ring consists of about seventy thousand persons; the next ring of about two hundred thousand, and the outermost ring of about two hundred and twenty thousand. (The figures relate to April, 1936, and are in any case highly approximate.)

There is at the present time no trace of anything like a "spoils system" at the hub of the home civil service in Great Britain, nor indeed throughout the whole of the inmost circle. During the last

twelve years none of the higher posts had been filled from outside the service proper except a few posts at the Colonial Office; and in those cases the persons appointed had served as Governors of Colonies. If civil service in Great Britain were defined in terms of the inmost ring, the only headquarters posts of importance that would be excluded would be certain professional and scientific posts for which no form of competitive examination has been devised. Even in the outer rings there is very little scope for patronage, since most of the situations are guarded by rules as stringent, though not as impartial, as competitive examination. There is more scope for influence in favour of the sons of civil servants, for example, who "know the ropes;" but even here the scope is limited, and the situations to be gained are hardly glittering prizes.

Though it errs by over-simplifying both the recent history of the civil service and the complexities of the present recruitment system, this article is more intricate than I could wish. I will try to unravel the skein and set forth some of the main conclusions:

(1) In the days of patronage the British civil service gained such little efficiency as it had by the fact that the key-positions were filled by careful choice of men from outside the service, and by the permanence of these appointments; after the reforms such outside appointments proved no longer necessary.

(2) The process of reform was painfully slow, and there were many set-backs.

(3) When the fortress of superannuation had been captured, ultimate victory was assured.

(4) Great Britain has never attained the ideal—if it be an ideal—of filling all appointments under Government by competitive examination.

(5) A rigid establishment, composed of equally rigid grades, is maintained only by keeping a large proportion of government workers at any one time outside the establishment altogether.

I hope that these conclusions may assist, and even console, those who are engaged in the reform of the civil service in Canada.

COMPARATIVE LITERATURE: ITS MEANING AND SCOPE*

J. S. Will

THE course of the development of Comparative Literature as a discipline has been slow and difficult. Its sphere still affords material for discussion and there is still disagreement as to its method. What is its relation to other disciplines in the field of letters, such as literary criticism and literary history?

I

The word "comparative" as descriptive of a critical method is used as early as the seventeenth century in regard to the study of law. The method itself, without the actual word, is as old as the Greeks. The method was revived with the revival of Greek studies at the Renaissance and in the eighteenth century was commonly practised in all fields of enquiry, in history, in law, in science, in manners and morals. In that century too, considerable work was done in Comparative Literature, for example by Baretti, Barbier, and Desessarts. The romantic passionateness of the early nineteenth century, which restlessly pillaged the known and the unknown worlds for ideas, renewed the comparative method with a richer sense; but, while every other branch of study profited more and more by the comparative method (subsequent to its application to biology from 1800 on), Comparative Literature, though it attracted more and more consideration as the century advanced, found itself mired in confusion as the century closed. Interest and activity had become increasingly widespread, but the idea remained ill-defined.

First steps are invariably difficult steps. There are even today no generally accepted fixed laws of literary criticism, and the very possibility of literary history is frequently denied. Neither the sciences nor scientific method, nor any earthly thing has sprung into being fully conscious and defined. The adaptation of the scientific method to new sciences is in itself a laborious process, and can be developed fully only as the new science defines itself. Anthropology needed time for its emergence from the chrysalis

*The author has provided the brief list of selected references appended to the article. [Editors' Note]

collector's state. Ethnography and ethnology came to an *entente cordiale* only slowly. Centuries were needed for the solid establishment of astronomy, chemistry, and physics, and I imagine it to be true that even biology is still suffering from its growing pains while enjoying them. It is somewhat remarkable, however, that while the sciences defined their fields with greater and greater clearness, even though the field grew more and more narrow, Comparative Literature remains still in the vagueness of its early stages. Almost every considerable University in the world has made provision for Comparative Literature studies, but these studies are prosecuted usually under the most desultory type of organization, based upon the early eighteenth-century conception of parallelisms, not upon a vital concern with the nature of the subject itself.

The reason for such stagnation seems to lie fundamentally in a certain intellectual discredit into which fell both literature and criticism as a result of undue insistence, on the one hand, on the role of feeling and, by reaction, on the other hand, on that of analysis and fact. As soon as, in the eighteenth century, the naturalistic attitude came to feel itself strongly entrenched, the position of the arts in relation to personality and civilization began to be misunderstood. Mounting positivism refused to the arts any serious consideration as a medium of knowledge, and dismissed them as baubles, toys, idle amusements of an idle class in an idle hour. In France, for example, under Napoleon I, literature and the arts were banished from the newly organized University and from the *Institut*. The Romantic movement and the appeal to sense values was the reply to the blatant assertion of the supremacy of mathematics. As the nineteenth century advanced, the prestige of positivistic and evolutionary methods bore ever more and more heavily on the world of the spirit, and with "art for art's sake" and other similar theories, literature accepted the emasculated role of furnisher of delights or of photographer to the human race, thus acquiescing in the divorce of thought and feeling, and forgetting, as do the conspiring positivists and aesthetes of 1939, that in the human consciousness, as contrasted with the machine or a mathematical formula, delight and utility are properly associated. "The mere notion," wrote Walter Bagehot, about 1875, "that poetry is a deep thing, a teaching thing, the most surely and wisely elevating of human things, is even now to the coarse public mind nearly unknown." If materialism does not soon learn its lesson,

it will certainly provoke more violent Romantic commotions than ever and greater human contortionism—if such be possible.

In the area of formal literary studies, while positivism reigned it was literally the letter that triumphed. The philological sciences were born. Of these, Comparative Philology was a distinguished branch, and a host of great names gradually unfolded the story of the origins and development of languages and dialects. It was in Germany that the methods of the positivistic sciences received their widest application, and German methods, having first spread over Europe, swallowed up the Americas, until it seemed as if the study and comprehension of the great literary arts depended solely as a discipline on the study of letters and syllables. Words are, of course, the very elements of literary communication and their study is of the highest importance, but scarcely as dead matter, and only from the point of view of the ends they serve. The pure philologer in looking at words as mere collocations of letters seemed to abandon the organism for the skeleton, substituting quantity for quality, syllables for sense, mechanics for meaning, so that his science now suffers, in spite of its transformation, from the scorn being poured upon the departmentalized, mechanistic approach to life so dear to the last century. Strangely enough, it was a successful military campaign, that of 1870-71, which imposed German intellectual methods upon the world and, appropriately enough, it was another war, this time a cataclysm, that of 1914-18, which discredited these very methods, especially in Germany itself.

But the dynamism which was so thoroughly a characteristic of the nineteenth century had prepared its revenge long before the years turning on the pivot of 1900. Renan, Boutroux, Bergson, Dilthey, Croce, and others were zealously busy, building windows in the cell of positivism. The breath of the spirit was moving over the machinery of materialism. The outraged aesthetic sense carried its reaction to the extreme, claimed, in its turn, to be an absolute in its own right, centring its contention about a vague "intuition." The result was complete anarchy. Art became identified, almost, with dream. The creative movement in this dynamic conception was regarded as an upsurge from the divinely abysmal depths of the unconscious, and criticism assumed the delicious task of mingling with the emerging surge and describing its personal experiences in that Dionysiac element.

This was one extreme. The other extreme in criticism is

marked by the positivistic method, elaborated by Taine, of the observation of minute detail and of logical analysis. Between the two lie all those methods called variously historical, sociological, etc., which may be interesting enough and useful enough, but which are based on preconceptions that touch only remotely the life of literature.

Now, as without sane criticism life loses its bearings, so in all this confusion, Comparative Literature suffered its logical fate. Its failure was marked by the inability of the Congress of students of Comparative Literature held in 1900 to arrive at any accord in method. Another failure was that of the *Journal of Comparative Literature*, which was founded in 1903 and expired the same year. In his manifesto, the editor, Professor Woodberry writes: "Literary history could not be written, the traditions of literature could not be traced without it. . . . The comparative method is the method of all criticism. It is used within the limits of a single literature, as for example the English, where coherence from Caedmon to Milton, from Cynewulf to Longfellow, from Malory to Tennyson depends upon it." Could confusion be more evident than here, where the functions of criticism and of the history of literature are simply lumped together to make an amalgam which the writer dubs Comparative Literature? The *Zeitschrift für vergleichende Literaturgeschichte*, on the practice of which Professor Woodberry probably founded his declaration, had a longer life. It ceased publication in 1910, twenty-three years after its foundation, having shown the confusion in its conceptions by making itself, in addition to being the medium of publication for valuable articles in its proper field, a sort of *omnium gatherum* for articles which had no strict relation to that field.

In the midst of this discord, a new impetus was given to these studies by Professor Fernand Baldensperger, who, in 1904, after fifteen years of activity in the field, re-edited the Bibliography of Louis P. Betz. Gradually thereafter M. Baldensperger's vast erudition, combined with incredible industry, placed the study of Comparative Literature on a foundation which derived its prestige from the author's personality rather than from the justness of his theory and gave it a seemingly permanent place among the intellectual disciplines. In 1921 he founded the quarterly *Revue de littérature comparée*. It may be that M. Baldensperger too, brought up in the school of positivistic conceptions, and on guard against

the tendencies of a poetic temperament, has given in his statement of method an appearance of undue narrowness to his theory. But as the meaning of the term is defined by the use made of it, just as the scope of a method becomes manifest in the outcome of its application, so the Index to the *Revue de littérature comparée* for the last sixteen years, combined with a survey of almost 125 titles in the series of volumes sponsored by the *Revue*, which count among the most highly considered of scholarly collections, will reveal a breadth not entirely explicit in M. Baldensperger's statement of theory. The volumes of the new series published under the direction of the former collaborator of M. Baldensperger, M. Hazard, in conjunction with M. Carré, show a clearly marked tendency to confine publication within a more strict and more legitimate interpretation of the comparative idea.

II

The word "comparative" implies in itself an intellectual, a rational activity. For Professor Raleigh and his fellow impressionists this fact alone would rule us out of court on the highly romantic ground that we are afraid to be caught alone with a poem for a few minutes in any isolated spot. An interesting point to be made is sufficiently paradoxical, namely that the thorough-going positivist and the extreme impressionist have a complete aversion from all that is implied in the word "explanation;" and this for opposite reasons, the positivist because he knows nothing except the individual fact and tends to be a statistician, the impressionist because he knows everything but the fact and tends to be a seer. The *comparatiste* has no such aversion. He turns away from all absolutes. Leaving the absolute to the subjectivist, he plunges into the endless mobility of things, into the world of relations, into a universe of intellectual currents which weave and interweave their patterns on the loom of the generations, which act and interact, which like rumour are broadcast, and somewhere are received and fertilize the local fields, though like the Chinook they breathe imperceptibly upon them from alien skies.

"All art," says W. B. Yeats, "is the disengaging of a soul from place and history, its suspension in a beautiful or terrible light, to await the judgment, and yet, because all its days were a Last Day, judged already." The *comparatiste* has no interest in contesting the affirmation of the uniqueness, the individuality of the

work of art. The individual is the rule in the world of art as in the world of common sense. The poetic imagination is an individual attribute undoubtedly, and the product of it has its own existence, depending upon the artist's individual picture of life. The poem is a world in itself, autonomous, obedient to its own laws, subject to its own individual purposes, creative of its own delight. It is founded in the world of sense as all organisms are, but it takes on a form which no other organisms can possess. We grow into it as we grow into the world which each of us knows and helps to make. The *cachet* of the individual is so impressed upon great art that it seems as if criticism had no other function than the revelation of this individuality. Such has come to be the conception of criticism held by Croce, Farinelli, Dragomirescou, and all the post-Darwinian philosophers of drift.

I shall not say that with all this the student of Comparative Literature has no concern. That the critic should pursue his official business is one of the assumptions of Comparative Literature. It is not true to say that the *comparatiste* is not concerned with taste, but it is true, I think, that taste is not his primary concern. He pursues the less gracious task of bringing to the attention of the critic a richer material and a wider horizon, to the end that the sensibility of the poet may be more clearly revealed. Thus he is concerned very definitely with the movement of taste and with the categories which the history of literature reveals. The historian of literature, on his part, must be allowed to play his role as the recorder of the findings of the critic concerning the movement of sensibility in the national or linguistically unified area. But these functions of the critic and of the literary historian are too exclusive and inhospitable for the *comparatiste*, just as national boundaries are too narrow for the humanist.

Like the scientist, the economist, or the humanist, the student of Comparative Literature recognizes no national boundaries. For him, as for humanity, there is a common world, although there are diversities of tongues and of intelligences. Dictionaries, grammars, plagiarisms, censorships are all eloquent evidences of the general belief in a common world. Myth and folk-lore bear testimony to these ordinary truths as well as to the growing intensity and clearing vision of the artistic nature. Exclusive emphasis on myth and folk-lore, in the manner of Gaston Paris, as the matter of Comparative Literature, is, however, as faulty as any other exclusive-

ness, such as the national or tribal or individual points of view. Yet these early expressions of man's first yearnings and fundamental needs, of his relations with the universe on the one hand, and with his fellows on the other, grow into the warp and woof of future literatures as well as of religions.

Proverbs and sayings such as *Hinter dem Berg sind auch Leute* and *Tutto il mondo è paese* offer the evidence of man's early sense of and longing for a unity transcending local boundaries. Such a consciousness lies rooted in the very substance of our human life. The observer may be excused for regarding history as crime when he contemplates the perversions and catastrophes which furnish the superficial material for the records of humanity, but he may find some consolation in the less apparent but profound striving always characteristic of civilized peoples toward a cultural unity. Humanity forgets its differences, its scars, and even its cataclysms, with extraordinary ease, but its memory of the true, the beautiful, and the good is as tenacious, at least in its best spirits, as instinct, and is fundamentally as inseparable from it as living soul is inseparable from living body. It is this cultural unity which civilized peoples strive consciously and unconsciously to preserve. It is on this principle of a striving for cultural unity, this grouping "of civilized nations for intellectual and spiritual purposes [into] one great confederation, bound to a joint action and working towards a common result; a confederation whose members have due knowledge both of the fact, out of which they all proceed, and of one another," it is upon such a unity in the face of a universal variability, linguistic, temperamental, and political, that Comparative Literature bases its enterprise.

Eager aspiration towards a cultural unity remains surely, a permanent element and a permanent asset in the history of the race. It may be no more than an atavism, an effort to realize a racial memory, an emerging dream of a submerged Utopia, but these are gratuitously bad explanations. It is a part of the essentially human desire for knowledge seeking to transform alien elements into the terms of familiar life. An individual organism, whether it is one or a group, is an enlarging organism and the insatiable hunger for enlargement in civilization pursues its satisfactions in the mode of a cultural unity. For this reason, extreme nationalism as in contemporary Germany and Italy is to be feared as an assault not merely upon civilization but upon the very laws

of nature. In any case since Comparative Literature must concern itself primarily with what has been, even though with an eye on what will be, we discover that in the history of feeling, thought, and action, while variability may be the rule, and permanence simply an arrest, there are wide cycles during which this cultural unity was for a moment realized and hangs suspended in an apparent repose. Such periods are marked and recognizable by the identification of the social and artistic ideal. This is apparent at least in what remains as the great art, the typical art of these periods. The stuff of consciousness submits itself to common conventions and a common ideal emerges to mark the solidarity of civilized society. Such is the case in the age of Pericles with the establishment of the ideal of the "just man." In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries of our era the mode under which the new synthesis appeared was Christian, and the ideal of that trembling cultural unity in Europe was the "soldier-saint." The mode under which the next cultural cycle developed its ideal was the product in the seventeenth century of Christian Humanism and the ideal was known as the *honnête homme*, the "gentleman," the "balanced man." Since the seventeenth century we have had a period of continual variation during which no synthesis has been possible and no cultural symbol has appeared because no cultural unity has succeeded in creating itself, so intense has been the urge towards individualism among nations as among individuals, and so violent the conflict between the Romantic "genius" and society.

Such static moments are succeeded by variables of profound effervescence, areas of rebellion and change in which society is at war with itself, when old gods are overthrown and new ideals forged. Such movements will spread to the furthest confines of the cultural unit and beyond, from Europe let us say to America or to India, and the raging chaos of old conflicts will be enlarged by the inrush of new elements from exotic regions. The serene grace of the great cycles, the Augustan eras of repose, furnish rich periods for contemplation by the student of Comparative Literature. But the whirling criss-cross of the welter that follows may seem more sublime, for human vitalities are at work—social, scientific, philosophical, and religious—to forge a new ideal of individual and social living as the background of a corresponding art.

In the midst of the violence of the chaotic periods of variation, areas of relative calm appear, lesser cycles marking off more limited

periods in which an ideal seeks to establish itself, soon to be rejected. In the last hundred years of revolt, for example, two ideals have been in conflict for the primacy, revealing the intense divisions in society, although one was merely the complement of the other. Both are based upon the importance of the individual. These romantic pseudo-ideals were the genius—first of passion, then of science, then of intuition—and woman. These two individuals have not yet succeeded in merging their differences even in the genius of intuition. Neither of the artistic ideals of the nineteenth century, the genius or the woman, can be the social ideal. Neither can be the full representative of humanity. It is the "unknown" soldier, not Marshal Foch, who sleeps beneath the Arc de Triomphe. Must we look to State-ism to impose an ideal upon the whole cultural unit as it is now in the way of doing in sections of that unit?

III

Literature is not merely an imaginatively constructed picture of life in its actuality, but of life in its aspiration. Hence literature is to some extent prophecy. And the real reason for taking you along with me in this extraordinary journey of fact and prophecy is to point out that what becomes evident at long last to the man in the street, and even to the philosopher, has been latent in literature for a good stretch of time prior to the actual event. The artist is always concerned with two questions. The first is, what is beauty? The second is, what is truth?—not truth as scientific fact, which may or may not be truth, but truth as the artist sees it. In the greater cycles, the cycles of equilibrium, of which I spoke above, these questions have been answered and, therefore, the interest of Comparative Literature is restricted largely to the diversity in the forms of grace in which artists in various national or linguistic groups present in varying materials their responses to these accepted answers. In what I have roughly termed the cycles of variability, on the other hand, it is these very questions which are at stake and the artist ransacks every corner of the world physical and of the world spiritual in his search for the answer. Hence the fields of enquiry become intensely complex for the *comparatiste*, especially when this toy, our material universe, with which we have learned so well to play, yields such amazing effects for our wonder and has multiplied so marvellously our means for the communication and diffusion of its surprises.

Additional series of phenomena on every hand present to the student of literature further evidences of the same cultural unity and extend the interest of comparative study. Real appreciation of a work of art, perhaps of a literary monument in particular, implies the penetration of a consciousness which is the resultant of innumerable other consciousnesses happily co-ordinated in a unique harmony. The discovery of the author's sensibility in one work carries us on in ever widening circles, from the unity constituting the one work to the unity of his total work; then into that of his time and further, finally, into all his contacts with the world of feelings and ideas. For feelings and ideas migrate as do men and animals. The artist's mind is restless for novel ideas and novel modes, which to attain is part of his glory; for the artist is condemned to a certain sterility if his manner does not anticipate, as it were, the next move on the part of the cultural unit. This is especially true after a supreme artist has carried a given convention to its consummate expression and so exhausted it, as did Homer or Dante or Shakespeare. Hence the supreme influence at times of the lesser artist, as for example Cavalcanti, or Destouches, or Edgar Allan Poe, or Dujardin, and the error of *comparatistes* like Brunetière who concentrated their entire attention upon the work of supreme genius. The study of the sensibility of Balzac carries us to the steppes of Poland, to the fiords of Norway, to the idealism of Plato, to the illuminism of Swedenborg, to the Leather Stocking tales of Fenimore Cooper, and by antithesis to the ideas of J.-J. Rousseau and to innumerable other places. The study of almost any European poet at a given time leads inevitably to Byron, and of contemporary literature, at many points, to Bergson, at other points to Thomas Aquinas. And Valéry can say that Poe "would be completely forgotten to-day if Baudelaire had not been zealous to introduce him to European literature."

The question of the migration of ideas within the cultural unit especially in the periods of ferment and renovation is one that has often been abused. It is a category, however, of undoubted validity in the comparative field and has produced results of the highest importance. It is the old question of influences of which I need give here no more than a cursory illustration.

> O world invisible, we view thee,
> O world intangible, we touch thee,
> O world unknowable, we know thee,
> Inapprehensible, we clutch thee.

When the official critic reads these well-known lines from Francis Thompson who died in 1913, he is at once carried back to the English metaphysicals of the seventeenth century and particularly to Crashaw, who infused the scenery of the material world with suggestions of an indwelling other-world. The *comparatiste*, on the contrary, while not forgetting Crashaw, will be interested in parallels much more neighbouring in time. At once there is evoked in his mind the mode of continental poets of the middle of the nineteenth century and after, particularly Baudelaire, who, by a species of symbolism, lifted mortal life and its theatre to a higher reality and re-informed the whole of modern poetry. The problem then presents itself to the student of Comparative Literature in a wider light. Does Thompson, or let us say G. M. Hopkins, inherit directly from English tradition? Or is he an essential product of the troubled mentality characteristic of the cultural unit to which he belonged? Does he owe any debt to the general renovator of modern verse? "Among sensibilities," writes Emile Hennequin, "there are elective ties which are more living and more deep-rooted than that traditional community of blood, of soil, of language, of history and of customs which appears to shape and differentiate peoples."

Again, the student of Comparative Literature, like the official critic, will surely fall under the spell of Wordsworth's marvellous lines which render so sweetly the rhythms of our naturalism:

> . . . that blessed mood,
> In which the burthen of the mystery,
> In which the heavy and the weary weight
> Of all this unintelligible world
> Is lightened:—that serene and blessed mood
> In which the affections gently lead us on—
> Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
> And even the motion of our human blood
> Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
> In body, and become a living soul:
> While with an eye made quiet by the power
> Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
> We see into the life of things. . . .

When he reads these lines the confirmed follower of Croce will claim to be experiencing the fulness of *the* essential aesthetic emotion. There he rests. The *comparatiste*, on the contrary, if a sound critic, will experience a certain aesthetic emotion but, in addition, he will recall the haunting lines in which J.-J. Rousseau had already

given, in prose, expression to the same naturalistic feelings in similar rhythms and will initiate an inquiry into the possible and probable relations between these two minds:

. . . là, le bruit des vagues et l'agitation de l'eau fixant mes sens et chassant de mon âme toute autre agitation, la plongeaient dans une rêverie délicieuse, où la nuit me surprenait sans que je m'en fusse aperçu. Le flux et le reflux de cette eau, son bruit continu, mais renflé par intervalles, frappant sans relâche mes oreilles et mes yeux, suppléaient aux mouvements internes que la rêverie éteignait en moi et suffisaient pour me faire sentir avec plaisir mon existence, sans prendre la peine de penser. De temps à autre naissait quelque faible et courte réflexion sur l'instabilité des choses de ce monde, dont la surface des eaux m'offrait l'image; mais bientôt ces impressions légères s'effaçaient dans l'uniformité du mouvement continu qui me berçait et qui, sans aucun secours actif de mon âme, ne laissait pas de m'attacher au point qu'appelé par l'heure et par le signal convenu, je ne pouvais m'arracher de là sans efforts.

These examples illustrate very simply the matter of parallels and possible influences and actual influences, which are of the deepest interest to Comparative Literature in its study of the movement of sensibility, and are of great fruitfulness so long as the danger of vapid generalizing is checked by an adequate severity of method. This field is inexhaustible in material not only as to detail but as to breadth of perspective. For ancient Greece could scarcely have risen to its unsurpassed pre-eminence in the rendering of beautiful forms except for the resources it drew upon in Egypt, Persia, and India. Nor could Rome except for Greece, nor the modern world except for Greece and Rome. What parallels might be drawn between Chinese Romanticism of a thousand years ago and European Romanticism of a century ago? Without Wagner's music what different forms would subsequent poetry have worn? Without Byron what were Pushkin? Gide without Dostoievski? George Moore without Zola and Anatole France? Stefan George without Baudelaire?

The great work of art may seem to be both timeless and spaceless, eternal in its values. M. Dragomirescou has devoted three volumes to the discussion of this question, scoffing at currents and influences, only to arrive, at the end of the second volume, at Brunetière's conclusion that the only literary monuments worthy of the critic's attention are those which have been raised to the first rank by what may be termed the suffrages of man and the accidents of time. His third volume is devoted to the elaboration of a method of criticism by which this conclusion may be upheld,

while he flouts the idea of a scientific treatment of literature and the uniqueness of the comparative method. Spoerri, on the other hand, who maintains with Dragomirescou and Croce and Bergson that all aesthetic feeling is lyrical, applies himself, successfully, I think, to the formulation of a method by which the design, the *form* of the aesthetic feeling is resolved into the elements that created it. If I may be allowed to express an opinion, I should say that, while the sense of a fulness of comprehension, of an *élan*, of what Bergson calls "joy," of the "divine thrusting-up," as the unnatural son of the unhappy Gloucester said, always accompanies the aesthetic experience, is perhaps the rich essence of it, yet it is other elements which give to that feeling its peculiar pattern, the pattern thrilling with meaning, which makes every individual work unique. I use the word *form* in the sense of the pattern or quality of the emotion created by the work of art. Pure emotion is nothing but mechanics or emptiness. *Form* is the design impressed upon the emotions by the sum of all the elements which constitute the structure of a given work of art. Balzac's well-known novel *Père Goriot* will serve as a good illustration. It closes with four famous words spoken by the hero. Those four words, *à nous deux, maintenant*, sum up the emotion towards life formed by the hero in the course of the experiences which constitute the material of the novel. That emotion may be analysed out and must be so analysed out into the incidents of his life history up to that time. The *form* of the emotion in this book is then, first, the lyrical exaltation of which I have already spoken, the "divine thrusting-up" of expanding life, and, secondly, the very special design sculptured upon that emotional base by the cynicism and defiance which give its quality to the emotion and are the special creation of the incidents and structure of the book.

The *form* of a work of art is its meaning and its meaning is its *form*. It is this that makes the masterpiece an organism and gives to it the individuality and autonomousness of an organism. Criticism which rests satisfied with the isolated scene or the patch of colour is meaningless and futile, for these make no picture. Physiology might as well talk of the organ without relation to its function. Whether the smile on the face of the Mona Lisa is enigmatic or not can be decided only by reference to all the terms of the picture in either their harmonious or discordant issue, just as the riddle of Hans Castorp is solved and harmony found by his plunge into the

major discord of living after his rejection of the minor discord of thinking as it was carried on in the Magic Mountain of unhealthy scientific talking. If we have to walk around the cathedral to discover its terms why should we not make the tour and so apprehend its full emotional content? Only in the *form* does the significance of the terms of the great work of art become recognizable.

Here then is an opportunity for the *comparatiste* to pursue his method in an area which is not concerned principally with the matter of the creations of art but with art itself in its real existence and ends. Form is not merely a field in which the comparative method may be employed successfully, as Mr Percy Lubbock has done so well in a restricted area and Professor Beach in an area still further restricted, but it is *the* field in which the comparative method may be the most humanely effective in its results.

IV

In this cursory survey there are many aspects of the subject which I am unable to develop. I have said nothing, for example, of those themes that run like silver threads through parts or through the whole of human history, threads of man's persistent problems, his persistent anguish in the face of his passionate experience of thought or feeling or of both, the threads represented by names like Job, or Oedipus or Faust or Hamlet or René or Don Quixote or The Wandering Jew. But I have said enough, even in connection with the idea of *form*, perhaps, to show that if we take as our point of view the cultural unit with its constant systole and diastole, the interest of Comparative Literature is as wide as human societies, and as full as the relations existing among those societies. Even if we started from the standpoint of the artist and not of the reader, we should reach the same goal, for it is indisputable that the artist's interest is as wide not merely as the national group but as human societies. Art is not merely the colour of the distant hills. "One event is always the son of another and we must never forget the parentage," said a Bechuana chief. "Man ever connects on from what lies at hand," said Wilhelm von Humboldt. The great artist has always been the great pillager, the great plagiarist whom nobody accuses of plagiarism. He represents, to quote Matthew Arnold, "the best that has been thought and said in the world."

This is our human basis. Life is not contained, not enclosed in the boundaries of the physical and spatial world. It overflows. Art is the representation of the overflow, of the residuum from human action, and it is in literature that we find the surest index to the progress of human thought and feeling. There is more than one way of knowing the world. We cannot rightly use the phrase "Know the world you live in" as if the world were entirely an extension of the physical. Alexis Carrel says in his *Man, the Unknown*: "We have applied to man concepts belonging to the mechanical world. We have neglected thought, moral suffering, sacrifice, beauty, and peace. We have amputated his moral, aesthetic and religious functions." It is the departmentalized nature of our activities and disciplines that are responsible for these amputations and abdications. Man cannot be separated from himself in this way and remain whole any more than he can be whole in isolation from activity. It is the function of Comparative Literature, I think, more than that of any other of the disciplines, to keep continually fresh in our minds the aspects of things which the thought of the cultural unit has submitted to reflexion, and thus supply the synthesis which will make us truly a part of the world in which we live. "An dem buntem Teppich der darstellenden Dichtung mit seinen Figuren weben alle Kräfte des ganzen Menschen."

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PRIMITIVE MONOTHEISM AND THE RELIGION OF MOSES

THEOPHILE J. MEEK

SO many students at present are being led astray by the widely publicized claims of primitive monotheism that it has become a veritable menace to clear thinking and a challenge to real scholarship. When its advocates assert that their methodology is absolutely objective and scientific, reaching results that are completely authoritative and final, although contradicting all previous results, it behooves us to take notice of the theory; and when a writer like Marston berates critical scholarship in the words, "It is surely time that distinguished scholars gave up the habit of representing exploded theories as historical facts,"[1] it is surely time to turn the tables on him.

Sir Charles Marston may not be a writer to whom scholars give serious attention, but he is a writer nevertheless whose books sell in thousands where theirs sell in hundreds, and his case is symptomatic of the impression that is being made by the theory of primitive monotheism. In his latest book, *The Bible Comes Alive* (1937), he makes this astounding statement: "In the year 1931 these two Sciences [viz., Archaeology and Anthropology] simultaneously reached the conclusion that the evidence in their possession pointed to the fact that Monotheism was the original Religion of Man" (p. 24). That is a sweeping statement, and it becomes still more sweeping and extravagant when we discover that one man is made to speak for the whole science of archaeology and one man for that of anthropology. The man who is to be accepted as the sole and final authority in archaeology, the most inexact of all the sciences, is one who himself never professed to be an archaeologist, but an Assyriologist, and who in all his work was notoriously inexact, the late Professor Langdon of Oxford; while the authority who is to speak for the whole of anthropology, even though the most eminent anthropologists repudiate his theories, is the Catholic ethnologist, Professor Wilhelm Schmidt

[1]Marston, *The Bible Comes Alive*, p. 250. Although definitely disagreeing with Marston in his interpretation of archaeology, we heartily applaud his generous support of archaeology in helping to finance several expeditions in the field, particularly those of Jericho and Lachish.

of Vienna. Let us examine these two men to see how strongly they can speak for themselves, not to mention the two sciences which they are made to represent.

Of all the advocates of primitive monotheism Schmidt is the one who makes the most extravagant claims for his method and its results. His most elaborate work, *Der Ursprung der Gottesidee* (1926-37), already runs to six large volumes, each comprising over a thousand pages, but his theories are most succinctly presented in his *Origin and Growth of Religion* (1931).[2] Schmidt is harshly critical of all methods but his own, and particularly so of any method connected with evolution, as being totally subjective, quite innocent of historical research (p. 158), and leading to "cloud-castles lacking positive, exact, and concrete support" (p. 156). In contrast, his own method, the ethnological, or historical, as he often calls it, is absolutely objective, scientific, and authoritative—so he says.

According to Schmidt the true origin and primitive character of religion are to be discovered from the study of the aborigines still found in remote corners of the world, and that study, he states dogmatically, shows that the further back one carries his ethnological investigation the less of magic he finds and the more of monotheism, proving that man's original religion was absolute monotheism, untainted by magic. The tools and weapons of prehistoric man, and those of the ethnologically oldest peoples of today, viz., the Pygmies, show primitive man to have been of a high order: "His mental powers made their way through nature and analysed her phenomena; his synthetic activities mastered her by forming generalizing and classificatory ideas; he grasped the conception of cause and effect, and then adapted that to the relationship of means to end" (p. 136). The desire to find a cause, combined with the tendency to personify, led man to the recognition of a Supreme Being back of all and the Cause of all, a personal, morally perfect, loving God, the father of all, omniscient and omnipotent, filling and dominating all time and hence eternal, filling and dominating all space and hence leaving room for no other, so great that by himself he sufficed for all needs (pp. 136, 262-83).

However, despite the high intelligence which Schmidt attributes

[2]Translated from the original German by H. J. Rose. The page references in brackets in this and the following paragraphs are to this work.

to his primitives, which gave them a religion satisfying the sum total of human needs that should have made them the masters of the world and not its slaves (p. 283), he recognizes that they failed in the struggle for existence. Squeezed into unattractive and remote corners of the earth (pp. 252 ff.), these peoples, once vigorous and intelligent (p. 136), were socially and economically backward (pp. 254, 256), and so lapsed into a condition of stagnation, poverty, and insignificance (pp. 255 f., 289 f.), overcome by peoples more advanced and self-confident and with keener intellects (pp. 159, 256). Thus the primitives never played any important part in the world (p. 256), but were succeeded by peoples of higher culture. The peoples of higher cultures, however, developed from the primitives, perhaps indeed from a common Asiatic home (p. 234), and whatever elements of monotheism are found with them are to be accounted for solely as the survival of primitive monotheism, and not as an independent achievement (pp. 254 ff., 261, 285, 288). They were better fitted to live than the primitives, but their religion represents a decadence of the old, with many gods and much of magic (pp. 140, 203, 289). Where the primitives resorted to prayer alone (pp. 154 f., 279, 282), the later cultures, with their larger knowledge and greater self-confidence, introduced magic (pp. 152, 155, 158 ff.).

To Schmidt's contentions there are many objections. He unquestionably idealizes and overrates primitive man, and attributes to him an intelligence, an imagination, and a universal outlook that even modern man has not reached. The god of most moderns is a Hindu god, or a Muslim god, or a Christian god, or even a Catholic or a Protestant god; and the Great War showed us that with most peoples God is still a German god, or a French god, or an English god—scarcely a universal god, but one narrowly provincial. What man has always wanted, and still insists on having, is a god to meet his immediate needs, a god near at hand, a local god. When a Muslim finds himself in very great trouble, it is not to almighty Allah that he appeals, but to the local Weli, even as the Catholic in similar circumstances prays to his patron saint or the Virgin Mary. When modern man finds it so difficult to reach out beyond his environment and find satisfaction in a great High God, it must have been quite impossible to primitive man. With all peoples everywhere it has been to the friendly little spirits, near at hand and approachable, that man has looked for

protection, and not to the great gods of the Pantheon or to the great High God when there was one. The great gods were never of much use in daily life, but belonged to the cultus of the state. They were too far away to be trusted by the common people, or to be meaningful or useful.

What primitive man was first conscious of was not the universe as a whole, but his immediate environment, the things at hand among which he lived and moved and had his being. He could not possibly know or think of the universe as a whole, and he assuredly had no occasion and no urge to think back of that universe to the First Cause and Creator of all. Primitive man was practical, not speculative, and the category of cause and effect simply did not exist in his psychology, as psychologists have long since recognized. What he had to do was to live, and to live he had to come to terms with his environment, and in doing this he introduced religion, because "religion is man's belief that there is that in his environment which is greater than himself and upon which he feels to some degree dependent and with which he accordingly attempts to establish a relationship of mutual interest and good-will."[3] If this is a correct definition of religion, and it agrees with that of Schmidt himself (p. 2), man's first religion could not possibly have been monotheistic. Primitive man had no occasion to feel a sense of dependence upon an omnipotent, omniscient, universal god, the creator of the world, but upon the many mysterious phenomena which constituted his immediate environment, phenomena which, he believed, did things to him with intent and purpose, and which may roughly be called powers. Primitive man had no conception of the regularity of nature (he had not lived long enough); he had no conception of forces and laws; the only activities of nature that he knew were these powers round about him that did things to him, and it was with these powers that he felt the necessity of establishing friendly relations, and not with Schmidt's hypothetical and impossible transcendent god, all-powerful, all-righteous, all-wise, the creator and ruler of all. That kind of god could only come after long centuries of profoundest thought and experience, as is demonstrated in the great historical religions, such as Judaism, Islam, and Hinduism.

It is true, of course, that most, perhaps all, the aboriginal peoples known to us today have a belief in a Supreme Being, but

[3] The present writer's definition in *Hebrew Origins*, 1936, p. 77.

it is not so clear that nowhere is the Supreme Being to be found in so clear, so definite, vivid, and direct a form as among peoples who are ethnologically the most primitive, as Schmidt contends. Nor is it at all certain that this belief with them is a survival from primitive monotheism rather than an achievement on their own part or an acquisition from others. As all anthropologists have long since averred, there is no such thing as a racially pure stock anywhere in the world and there never has been since the appearance of mankind on the earth. From the very beginning there was intermixture of blood and ideas, so that it is utterly impossible that anywhere on the earth, no matter how remote or inaccessible the spot, peoples survive today who are untainted by alien blood and thought. As Schmidt himself recognizes, the primitives that survive today survive as such because they lacked the capacity of their neighbours, got shunted off into the remote corners of the earth, and there became stagnant, with the result that their religion ceased to grow and underwent "that fossilization and loss of inner vitality which is inseparately connected with such a state of rest, and is especially fatal to anything so essentially spiritual as religion," to quote Schmidt's own words (p. 255; cf. pp. 289 f.). But man does not stand still; he must either go forward or back, and in the case of the primitives he has manifestly deteriorated, so that his religion may well be the survival of a religion developed in a higher stage of culture than the present food-gathering stage. The peoples who became primitives are primitives because they were unequipped to grapple successfully with life, and hence must be decadent in physique, intellect, religion, and everything else. It is scarcely fair to take them, the dregs of mankind, as representative of the species *homo sapiens* in his first virility. The modern aborigine can never be a sure guide for primitive man because he is not primitive man, or at best he is primitive man at his worst, defeated and decadent. Schmidt himself recognizes this when he says that "the religious forms of the primitive cultures now available do not immediately and without more ado show us the primitive form of religion" (p. 255; cf. pp. 285, 290). And yet he would argue back from the religion of these decadent primitives of today to the religion of primitive man—a most precarious line of argument, as speculative, subjective, and unscientific as anything which he condemns so scathingly in his opponents. Up to the present we have discovered no method whereby we can determine

with absolute certainty what primitive man was and what he thought.

Furthermore, the religion of surviving primitives is not nearly so monotheistic as Schmidt affirms. In fact, it is strictly not monotheistic at all. Besides the Supreme Being, who is "without exception unalterably righteous," Schmidt finds another being who is the source of evil, but he refuses to call this belief in two powers dualism, because "the good Supreme Being is represented as far the stronger and more important" (p. 271). Indeed he goes further and asserts that the primitives are monotheists even though they have a plurality of gods, because there is one Supreme Being dominating all the others (p. 264). But this is begging the whole question. Schmidt and all others of his kind give to the word "monotheism" a meaning that it cannot and should not bear. According to the dictionaries monotheism is "the doctrine that there is but one god," and that means the worship of one god, and one god alone, and the denial of all other gods. The primitives of today may show a tendency in the direction of monotheism; at best they are henotheists, but not monotheists; and if Schmidt and his school insist upon calling monotheism what I and others call henotheism, then there is no difference between us on that particular point. If by "white" he means "black," then we mean exactly the same thing, but it is unfortunate that our nomenclature is so different. Schmidt and his followers profess to be objective and scientific, but their use of the word "monotheism" is anything but scientific and accurate, because it includes under a single term ideas that are disparate. As Barton has well said in his review of Shryock's *Desire and the Universe*:[4]

> A primitive tribe was not monotheistic because, in order to give unity to its world, it believed in a supreme god. There is inherent in real monotheism an element of hostility to other beliefs. Genuine monotheism differs from this kind of primitive belief as positive virtue differs from the innocence of childhood. It is something that has been won by struggle. The intelligent leaders of a monotheistic community are conscious of its cost, of its worth, and of its difference from polytheism. The real monotheist denies that other gods have jurisdiction at all or that they exist. . . . Wherever real monotheism has existed it is militant and hostile to the worship of any god but one.

To call the religion of primitives monotheism may save the face of Christian dogma and hoodwink the uncritical, but to call some-

[4] *Journal of the American Oriental Society*, LV, p. 481.

thing monotheism that is not monotheism can never make it monotheism.

Marston's second supreme authority, Professor Langdon, reaches conclusions like those of Schmidt, but by a different method. He writes as an Assyriologist, although Marston makes him an archaeologist. Langdon's argument, as presented in his *Semitic Mythology* (pp. 89, 93), is that An is the only Sumerian deity whose ideogram in the cuneiform script, originally the picture of a star, is never preceded by the determinative for "god," that ideogram itself being the determinative for "god" used with all other god names. Hence the Sumerians wrote ^{d}Enlil, ^{d}Enki, etc., but never ^{d}An.[5] From this he argues that An, the sky god, was originally the only god that the Sumerians had, and that then, as they fell away from monotheism into polytheism, they thought of the several new gods as simply forms or aspects or manifestations of An, and so in writing their names they used the ideogram for An as the determinative of deity. The same argument was used many years ago by Lagrange,[6] and more recently by Langdon himself[7] in the effort to prove that the Semites as a whole were originally monotheists, having as their one god El, also interpreted as a sky god. From being a proper name originally, it is argued, El came to be used as a common noun to mean god in general, and hence the several gods, as they were introduced, were regarded as forms or manifestations of the original El, and so each in turn was called an El.

In these arguments, however, Langdon fails to take account of two facts: (1) when the Semites and Sumerians began to write, they had by that time advanced far along the road to knowledge, and theology was already hard at work on the riddle of the universe; and (2) the Sumerians and Babylonians did not at first use the determinative before god names, the usage being only gradually introduced for the easier identification of the names as god names. When the Sumerians first appear on the pages of history, they are worshippers of many gods, and on this point all scholars are agreed. Out of the early welter of gods, goddesses, and spirits, the Sumerian theologians tried to develop some kind of order, and so in the Creation Myth they traced all the gods back to the father-god

[5]The superscript *d* is the abbreviation used by Assyriologists for *dingir*, the Sumerian word for "god," here used as a determinative.

[6]*Études sur les religions sémitiques*, pp. 70 ff. [7]*Op. cit.*, p. 93.

An, since he was the sky god and hence god over all, the god *par excellence*. What was more natural, then, than that the sign which represented the sky god, when a system of writing came to be invented, should be used as the ideogram of god in general, and the determinative of "god," when a determinative came to be written before god names; and what was more natural than that El, the sky god of the Semites, should likewise come to be the designation of god in general? Instead of seeing in the phenomenon a reminiscence of an earlier, prehistoric monotheism, we are rather to see in it the work of early theologians trying to bring cosmos out of chaos, order out of disorder.[8]

To his earlier argument Langdon more recently added another (in the *Evangelical Quarterly* for April, 1937[9]). This argument runs as follows. The Sumerian religion in its latest development contained about 5,000 gods; the inscriptions of c. 3000 B.C. show only 750; the three hundred tablets from Kish (strictly Jemdet Nasr)[10] contain only three gods, Enlil, the sky god, Enki, the earth god, and Babbar, the sun god; while the five hundred and seventy-five tablets from Uruk,[11] which he dates c. 4000 B.C. (fully five hundred years too early), contain the names of only two deities, An, the sky god, and Innini, the mother-goddess. In this statement, however, Langdon is no more accurate than he usually is. In the Jemdet Nasr texts there are more gods than three; he himself speaks of four a little later in his article; in the introduction to the publication of his own texts from Jemdet Nasr[12] he lists the names of five gods, An, Enlil, Enki, Babbar, and Lamma, with the last-named somewhat doubtful; and in some additional texts (published in the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, 1931, pp. 837 ff.) he has discovered still another god, Shara, to make six in all according to his own count; while Falkenstein in the study of his Jemdet Nasr texts indicates the probability of a seventh, Shume, in the personal name En-dingir-shu-me (var., En-shu-me),[13] and still another god, Enlu, is manifestly to be found in the personal name En-lu-ti.[14] Since the archaic texts from Jemdet Nasr and

[8]For a fuller discussion see the present writer's *Hebrew Origins*, pp. 180 ff.
[9]Reprinted in full by Marston, *op. cit.*, pp. 259-74.
[10]Published by Langdon, *Oxford Editions of Cuneiform Texts*, VII, 1928.
[11]Published by Falkenstein, *Die archaische Texte aus Uruk*, 1936.
[12]*Op. cit.*, p. vii. [13]*Op. cit.*, p. 36, n. 1.
[14]Falkenstein, *op. cit.*, no. 626, II, 1.

Uruk are as yet very imperfectly understood and the god names are written without determinatives, there are doubtless a number of god names in them as yet unrecognized. With the larger understanding of the texts, and with the publication of additional texts of the same kind, the list of gods will unquestionably be extended, but the fact remains that we can never expect the number to be large. Hence Langdon has some right on his side when he says that the numerous pantheon of the late Sumerian period "dwindles down to four and then only two deities," proving, he holds, that earlier there must have been one god alone, the sky god An. To the layman this argument is most impressive and convincing, and particularly so when Langdon goes on to say that "if there really was a larger pantheon at the dawn of history, these numerous tablets, which are all temple records, would have mentioned them." But just there is the weakness of his whole argument. The argument *e silentio* is always a precarious one and particularly so in the present instance. It is true that the tablets are probably temple records, but they are in no sense religious. With the ancient Sumerians the temple was the centre of business, and all the archaic tablets from Uruk and Jemdet Nasr, with the exception of a few word-lists, are account tablets, listing the quantities of various items (bread, barley, beer, sheep, land, etc.) administered by the temple in its capacity as business agent. In such tablets in the early period, or in any other period, there is seldom any occasion to mention the gods and hence they rarely appear. According to Langdon's line of argument the Old Akkadians of Nuzi had no gods at all, because none of their many tablets so far excavated[15] mentions any gods whatsoever; and yet it is ridiculous to say that they had none, but no more ridiculous than to say that the Sumerians had only four gods in the Jemdet Nasr period and only two in the Uruk period. Outside of texts definitely religious (myths, liturgies, prayers, and the like) the gods of a people are seldom mentioned, and when they do occur in account tablets they are found almost exclusively as elements in the proper names, but it so happens that in the archaic texts from Uruk and Jemdet Nasr there are practically no proper names. The further back we go the fewer are the religious texts, with none from the archaic period; and the earlier the text the fewer are the proper

[15]Published by the present writer, *Old Akkadian, Sumerian, and Cappadocian Texts from Nuzi*, 1935.

names, with the earliest texts consisting of itemized lists of articles only. Hence the diminution in god names is not at all a reflection of the religious ideas of the Sumerians and has an entirely different explanation from that presented by Langdon. The ancient Sumerians might have been worshippers of only one or of a million gods, but neither situation could be reflected in the kind of texts that have been preserved to us from that early period.

Furthermore, these ancient Sumerians were far removed from primitive man, as Langdon himself notes, and he himself recognizes that pictographic writing, no matter how ancient, cannot take us back to the primitive period of religion, to the primitive concept of deity.[16] Even if the ancient Sumerians were monotheists, that does not prove or even suggest that primitive man was monotheistic, because thousands, if not millions, of years lay between them and him, and much can happen both for and against the development of monotheism in a thousand years, not to speak of thousands or millions. There is nothing at all in Langdon's arguments to show that primitive man was monotheistic, and he negatives his whole position when he records, as of course he must, that the antideluvian peoples, who according to the Sumerians themselves antedated them by thousands of years, were polytheists.[17]

Schmidt and Langdon and their followers are particularly hostile to anything smacking of evolution; but evolution is not something vicious and obnoxious—if it is not misunderstood, as it is so frequently. For example, Marston is absolutely wrong when he asserts that the theory of evolution is based on the idea of steady, consistent, unbroken progress from barbarism to the present day, and it is not at all correct for him to say that according to evolution the early Israelites should have been illiterates.[18] Like so many others, Marston sets up a man of straw and then proceeds to knock him down. Evolution, as everyone should know, is not a force in itself, and it never runs in a straight line, but has its flows and ebbs, with periods of retrogression as well as progress. In religion there have always been two movements: one toward monotheism, as man rationalized the universe, usually in the person of a religious genius, and one toward polytheism, as

[16]See Marston, *op. cit.*, pp. 261, 270 f.
[17]See *ibid.*, p. 262. [18]*Op. cit.*, pp. 7, 22.

experience outran reason.[19] Sometimes one was the stronger, sometimes the other, with the result that all religions, if they lived long enough, became more or less monotheistic in the end, but more monotheistic at some times than at others. Man developed, not piecemeal, but as a unit—physically, mentally, emotionally, and religiously. When he lagged in one field, as he sometimes did, there were maladjustments, and progress stopped or retrogression set in until a readjustment was made. It is utterly impossible to isolate man's religious development and separate it from his general cultural development, from his history, "and that history [to quote Guillaume]—both sacred and profane—speaks with no uncertain voice of the slow and tortuous path which man has taken in his journey from swamp and jungle, hill and plain, to the city and the town."[20] There is absolutely nothing in anthropology or archaeology to show that monotheism antedated polytheism, and there is nothing whatsoever to discredit evolution, when evolution is rightly understood.

However, even though we were to grant that evolution is all wrong and that primitive man was monotheistic, that does not prove that the early Hebrews were monotheists, because they, like the Sumerians, were far removed from primitive man. On the contention of Schmidt the only people in the Old Testament who were primitives were Adam and Eve, and they did not remain primitives long, but ate of the forbidden tree and became agriculturalists, a stage of culture far beyond the primitive food-gathering stage and one that conduces to polytheism, according to Schmidt.[21] The early stories in Genesis are generally considered to represent a monotheistic point of view, and that leads Marston to make another astounding statement, to add to the one already quoted, a statement absolutely consistent, however, with the theory of primitive monotheism and the inevitable deduction from it. He says: "Since Monotheism, or the Belief in one God, antedates polytheism or the belief in many, then it is reasonable to regard the Creation, and other stories in Genesis, as representing

[19]This is, of course, a general statement and puts the matter too simply; for a more detailed discussion see Cook in Robertson Smith, *Religion of the Semites*, ed. 3, pp. 526 ff.

[20]Guillaume, *Prophecy and Divination*, 1938, pp. 234 f.

[21]*Op. cit.*, pp. 140, 209, 238 ff., 287 ff.

the original version; and the polytheistic ones as corruptions of it."[22] That is, the Hebrews are to be regarded as having preserved the original stories, of which the Sumerian stories are a late corruption, even though we have the actual Sumerian tablets containing the stories written long before the Hebrews ever came into existence. This is a preposterous statement, but apart from that it is not so clear that the Genesis stories are as monotheistic as generally believed. The oldest of these is recognized to be that in Gen. 2:3, universally assigned to the document J and dating in its present form from the ninth century or thereabouts. In a story as late as this, one would expect a more or less monotheistic point of view, but as Guillaume has well said, a close examination of the story shows that the world of Adam and Eve was not a completely religious world at all,

> but a state of society in which magic and religion lived uneasily side by side. The knowledge of God which Adam and Eve are said to possess is not what we understand by knowledge. They were not living in a world of innocence and beauty in the immediate consciousness of the presence of God, as Milton would have had us believe; theirs was the dark, semi-heathen world of polytheism and magic, in which Yahweh-Elohim narrowly escaped disaster through leaving a tree with magical properties within the reach of mortals.[23]

The wily serpent, the prototype of Satan, was able to frustrate the purpose of Yahweh-Elohim by persuading simple-minded man to eat of one magic tree; and to prevent access to the other, Yahweh had to expel man from the Garden of Eden and station the semi-divine cherubim as guards to keep him out: "Then Yahweh-Elohim said, 'See, man has become like one of us [note the plural], in knowing good from evil; and now, suppose he were to reach out his hand and take the fruit of the tree of life also, and eating it, live forever!' So Yahweh-Elohim expelled him from the Garden of Eden, to till the ground from which he had been taken; he drove man out, and stationed the cherubim east of the Garden of Eden, with the flaming, whirling sword to guard the way to the tree of life" (Gen. 2: 22-4). Yahweh was not the sole power in the world, and he had semi-divine helpers to assist him. He was stronger than man and hence was able to prevent his access to the tree of life, but he was not stronger than the magic inherent in the tree, a co-existent power that could thwart his purpose

[22] *Op. cit.*, pp. 29 f. On p. 38 Marston makes the same statement regarding the flood story.

[23] Guillaume, *op. cit.*, p. 236.

and endanger his prerogatives. Hence it is not so clear, after all, that the Old Testament teaches the fall of man from a pristine state of perfect religious knowledge and of moral perfection; it seems to teach something quite the opposite of this and more in line with modern ideas of evolution. If this were generally recognized, we should hear fewer railings against evolution and less of the theory of primitive monotheism.

Among critical scholars today there is none who claims real monotheism for anyone earlier than Moses; but there are a number who claim this for Moses, and of these Albright is unquestionably the most outstanding. Unfortunately he has not presented his arguments at any length. He discusses the matter briefly in his *Archaeology of Palestine and the Bible* (pp. 163-7) and in a recent article in *The American Scholar* (Spring, 1938, pp. 186 f.), entitled "Archaeology Confronts Biblical Criticism."[24] In that article he says: "The only time in the history of the ancient Near East when we find monotheism in the leading cultural centres, Egypt and Babylonia, is about the fourteenth century B.C.; it is also then that we find the closest approach to monotheism in Syria and Asia Minor. Since it is now an historical commonplace that we find similar ideas emerging simultaneously in different parts of a given cultural continuum, we should expect to find Israelite monotheism somehow emerging about that time"—viz., in the time of Moses, according to Albright.[25] The argument is most unconvincing, and the statement can be challenged at a number of points. There was no great, onrushing movement toward monotheism in the Near East in the fourteenth century, such as Albright affirms. There is no evidence that Syria and Asia Minor were more monotheistic then than at any other period. The texts from Asia Minor do not show this, nor do the Ras Shamra texts,[26] to

[24] It is true, as Albright states (pp. 181 f.) that "the majority of archaeologists take a much more conservative attitude toward the historical records of Israel than do philologically trained men." But there is a reason for this: the archaeologist is always looking for something to confirm the Bible because his investing public demands this.

[25] *The American Scholar*, Spring, 1938, p. 186; so also his *Archaeology of Palestine and the Bible*, p. 163.

[26] These are texts, written in a cuneiform alphabet, recently discovered at Ras Shamra on the North-Syrian coast and still in process of publication. Outside of scattered articles the only treatment in English is Jack, *The Ras Shamra Tablets*, 1935, but this unfortunately is not very reliable.

which Albright apparently has reference. El may have been a great High God to the people of Ras Shamra, but along with him were hosts of other deities, many of them little less important than he. The Babylonians and Assyrians never became real monotheists,[27] and were no more monotheistic in the fourteenth century than they were later. As a matter of fact they were less so, for the texts over the following centuries show an ever-growing tendency to emphasize one god to the exclusion of the others or through the absorption of the others, so that the most monotheistic of the texts date considerably after the fourteenth century. The only real monotheist in the ancient Near East was Ikhnaton of Egypt (and some scholars question this), and he had no great following. What following he got was obtained by force, and he made so little impression upon his own people that his religion was stamped out as a vicious heresy immediately following his death, which concluded a brief reign of only eighteen years. Instead of helping the cause of monotheism Ikhnaton killed it by bringing the Egyptian movement toward monotheism to a head too soon, by making too great a break with the old religion, by resorting to force to establish his new religion, and by dying too soon, leaving no proper successor to carry on his work. If Ikhnaton was not able to impress his own people in his life-time, it is surely unthinkable that he was able after his death to impress an alien like Moses, particularly so when Moses lived, as Albright believes, in the period of bitter reaction against Ikhnaton.

However, even though Moses and his people were surrounded on every side by the most monotheistic of peoples, it would not follow at all that they would necessarily become monotheistic themselves, nor is there a strong presumption to that effect. In contrast with the tiny flicker of monotheism which momentarily developed in Egypt's religion in the time of Ikhnaton, is the dominating role of the resurrection idea throughout her whole history; and yet this idea, which had everything in favour of its adoption, made no impression whatsoever on the Hebrews or any others of the ancient Near East. It is one of the enigmas of history that the Hebrews were so little affected by the culture of Egypt when both history and archaeology show such intimate contacts between the two. Albright protests that "the history of religion

[27]See the present writer's *Hebrew Origins*, pp. 180 ff.

in Israel was not a microcosmic reflection of the evolution of religion in world-history; it was just as homogeneous and as much an organic entity as the history of religion in Egypt, in Babylonia, or in ancient Rome,"[28] and yet he would derive Israel's monotheism from a hypothetical world movement instead of having it grow out of its own roots in Israel, in and out of its own environment, influenced no doubt by world thought, but largely independent of it—a monotheism that became the religion, not of a single man or a few religionists, but of a whole people, and a monotheism that was strictly monotheistic, as the others, with the possible exception of Ikhnaton's, were not.[29] Albright protests against giving a unitarian definition to the word "monotheism," but, as we have already indicated, the only acceptable use of the word is in its dictionary sense, and it is Albright and his kind, rather than his opponents, as he affirms, who are "highly misleading" when they read into the word a meaning that it cannot and should not bear.[30]

We heartily endorse Albright's dictum that "the history of Yahwism in Israel, north and south, becomes unintelligible unless we accept the clear evidence of Israelite tradition;" but Israelite tradition nowhere says or indicates that Moses was a monotheist —not even in Albright's sense of the word. Since we have no autobiography of Moses, it is impossible to say with certainty what he did or did not believe. At best the Old Testament account can only be credited with general and not with detailed accuracy, and in that account the most explicit statement on the subject attributed to Moses is the first command in the Decalogue. Even though we grant the Mosaic authorship of this command, the most that we can claim for Moses in it is henotheism. Neither here nor anywhere else does he deny the existence of gods other than Yahweh. Even Professor E. O. James, who is an anthro-

[28] *The American Scholar*, Spring, 1938, p. 187.

[29] For the origin and development of Hebrew monotheism see the present writer's *Hebrew Origins*, pp. 176-203.

[30] In answer to my request for a statement regarding his idea of early Hebrew monotheism Albright wrote, to make the whole matter crystal clear: "When the monotheistic orbit of Israel encountered the monolatrous-carpolatrous orbit of Canaan, a secondary oscillation was produced giving rise to an elliptic movement with two foci, one the original monotheistic one, the other an henotheistic one of secondary origin." Since I know less about astronomy than I do about theology, this astronomical analogy failed to enlighten me.

pologist as well as an Old Testament scholar and has decided leanings toward the theory of primitive monotheism, has to acknowledge that the command asserts nothing more than monolatry and not pure monotheism,[31] and so conservative a churchman as the late Bishop Gore has to concede that it neither proves nor disproves either monolatry or monotheism.[32] The command reads literally: "Since I, Yahweh, am your god who brought you out of the land of Egypt, out of a state of slavery, there must not be to you any other gods against my face," the last phrase of which, *'al-pānay*, "against my face," is most uncertain in meaning. It may mean "in my presence," or "on an equality with me," or "alongside of me," or "to my disadvantage," or "in addition to me," or even "in defiance of me," as most recently suggested, but no meaning that anyone has yet suggested indicates anything other than henotheism or monolatry. As a matter of fact, the meaning of the command is too uncertain to permit its use as a proof-text of monotheism or henotheism or anything else.

Another statement attributed to Moses, but questionably so, is Deut. 6: 4, which is usually translated, "Hear, O Israel; Yahweh, our God, is one Yahweh," whatever that may mean. If it makes any sense at all, it seems to mean that there was only one Yahweh and not many, as there were of the Baals; but grammar and syntax both indicate that the popular translation is wrong, the correct rendering being, "Hear, O Israel; Yahweh is our God, Yahweh alone." Again there is nothing to suggest anything more than henotheism.

Albright protests that "it is singularly lacking in historical logic to insist that because we find undoubted indications of henotheism in the traditions of early Israel all Israelites must have been henotheists;"[33] but unless we have evidence that some were monotheists we cannot affirm it. Outside of Deut. 4: 35, 39, and 32: 39, there is absolutely nothing in all the reputed sayings of Moses to indicate that he was a monotheist, and no modern scholar would regard these passages as genuinely Mosaic. On the other hand, there is much to indicate that Moses was not a monotheist. Over and over again in the records of the work of Moses

[31] See *A New Commentary on Holy Scripture*, edited by Gore *et al.*, p. 673*a*; cf. also Brown, *ibid.*, p. 84*a*.

[32] *Ibid.*, p. 84*a*, note. [33] *The American Scholar*, Spring, 1938, p. 187.

and his time, late though the records are, the Hebrews are represented as Yahweh's peculiar people, just as the Moabites are represented as the peculiar people of Chemosh. Take, for example, a passage as late as Judges 11: 24, "Should you not occupy the territory of those whom Chemosh, your own god, drives out, while we occupy that of all those whom Yahweh, our God, has driven out of our way?" Yahweh and Chemosh are here represented on an absolute equality, and the reality and power of Chemosh here and elsewhere are no more doubted than those of Yahweh himself. Usually, however, inborn pride in one's own, common to all peoples, caused Yahweh to be represented as greater than the other gods, as, for example, in Exod. 15: 11:

> Who is like thee among the gods, O Yahweh?
> Who is there like thee, so glorious in holiness,
> So awe-inspiring in renown, such a wonder worker?

Or Deut. 3: 24:

> O lord Yahweh, thou hast only begun to show thy servant thy greatness and thy mighty power; for what god is there in the heavens or on the earth who can do such deeds and mighty acts as thine.

However, this is nothing but flattery, quite after the order of that which we find in all polytheistic literature, as, for example, in the early Vedic or Egyptian hymns.[34]

Once Yahweh is represented as a great High God assigning to the different peoples their deities, viz., in Deut. 4: 19:

> Beware, when you lift your eyes to the heavens and see all the host of the heavens, the sun, the moon, and the stars, that you do not let yourself be allured into paying homage to them and serving them, whom Yahweh, your God, has allotted to all the peoples everywhere under the heavens.

In another passage, Deut. 32: 8 f., Elyon seems to be the great High God, with Yahweh subsidiary to him:

> When Elyon gave heritages to the nations,
> When he made divisions among mankind,
> He assigned the realms of the nations
> To the various deities;[35]
> And Yahweh's apportionment was his people,
> Jacob, the allotment for him to receive.

As I have tried to show in my *Hebrew Origins* (pp. 35, 193),

[34]See the present writer's *Hebrew Origins*, pp. 184 ff.; Barton, *Journal of the American Oriental Society*, LV, p. 481.

[35]This translation follows the superior text of the Septuagint and Old Latin; the Hebrew text reads "To the various Israelites."

the new thing that came with Moses was not the worship of Yahweh to the exclusion of all other gods, but the exaltation of Yahweh above the other tribal gods and the united allegiance of the several tribes to him as their confederate god, Yahweh being to the confederacy as a whole what the tribal god was to the tribe. Moses organized his followers into a confederacy or amphictyony, and he made the old tribal god Yahweh the god of the amphictyony and in his name made a covenant with the people. This was henotheism and not monotheism. It was the selection of one god out of many for exclusive worship by a particular group as a group, and such theological particularism, as always, was the inevitable outgrowth and accompaniment of a political particularism, a movement toward nationalism. As Principal Graham has well said in answer to Albright, "Modes of theological thought never establish themselves as disembodied ideologies. They develop along with, and inside of, corresponding institutional structures."[36] In the words of Breasted,[37] "Monotheism is but imperialism in religion," and a world dominion, a world concept is the necessary prerequisite to the idea of a world god. In the time of Moses the Hebrews were just getting their first lessons in nationalism and could not possibly reach up to a world concept or a world god. Moses unquestionably sowed the seeds of monotheism, but the real fruitage did not come until centuries later, in the time of Deuteronomy, Jeremiah, and Second Isaiah, who were the first to claim Yahweh as the one and only god of the world and not of the Hebrews alone (Deut. 4: 35, 39; 32: 39; Jer. 5: 7; 10: 2 ff.; 16: 20; Isa. 41: 21 ff.; 44: 9 ff.).

[36] *The American Scholar*, Autumn, 1938, p. 423.
[37] *Development of Religion and Thought in Ancient Egypt*, p. 315.

HOW FASCISM CAME TO AUSTRIA*

CHARLES A. GULICK, JR.

IN the world-wide indignation aroused by the obliteration of a tiny nation's independence it is easy to slight one important fact: Hitler did not bring fascism to Austria. That job was begun at Versailles and St. Germain, but it was completed by a cabinet of which Schuschnigg was a member (though he personally looked forward to a Habsburg restoration). Hitler changed only the colour and the form of fascism. From the early days of the Republic certain powerful economic groups were determined to overthrow it as soon as possible, and by force if necessary. On the other side, that is, chiefly among the working classes, was an equal determination to defend democratic institutions and to retain the social and economic gains of 1918 and 1919.

What was done by the leaders of the Social Democratic (the workers') party after the collapse of the old empire speaks strongly for their democratic convictions. On November 11, 1918, Dr. Karl Renner, first Chancellor of the Republic, reported to the National Council that the workers were putting severe pressure on the party to take over the government, but that the leaders had decided to continue the existing coalition as the only guarantee against anarchy and economic chaos. The parliamentary elections of February, 1919, greatly disappointed many Social Democrats; for they secured only 72 mandates in a lower house of 170 seats. Again they decided for a coalition, in response partly perhaps to other influences, but mainly to their faith in democracy and hope of victory by its methods. When the Soviet republics were set up in Hungary and Bavaria in 1919, there was again strong pressure upon the Socialists to throw in their lot with the Communists; again they refused.[1] Though the coalition broke down in 1920, an examination of the writings of the party leaders shows that they always wished to operate on a parliamentary basis. Even the Linz programme of 1926, which was characterized by the conservatives as a threat of civil war, was actually a reaffirmation of

*The author makes grateful acknowledgment to the Social Science Research Council, and to the Institute of Social Sciences of the University of California, for financial assistance during a year in Austria. For numbered notes see end.

the party's devotion to democratic institutions. Its exact language demonstrates that the Socialists pledged themselves not to resort to force unless a "counter-revolution succeeds in shattering democracy."[2]

Working on this parliamentary basis, the party increased its votes in the general elections of 1923 and 1927; and it increased its representation in parliament in 1930, despite the loss of a few thousand votes. From 1919 to 1934 it maintained an approximate two-thirds majority in the city council of Vienna. By 1930 forty-seven per cent of the population of the country lived in a city, town, or village administered by Socialists.

How this strength was used all the world knows. For decades Vienna had been the Mecca of physicians. During the 'twenties it attracted even more social-welfare workers, pedagogues, and housing experts. Tuberculosis had been known as "the Vienna sickness." Now, under the direction of Dr. Julius Tandler, the death-rate from pulmonary tuberculosis dropped to about half what it had been in 1913. Before the War Austrian schools were roundly cursed by working-class parents as "beating schools." Now the reforms, initiated in Vienna by Otto Glöckel, spread throughout the land, and the kindergarten in the Sandleiten housing complex, for example, was extolled as a model throughout the world. Until the fourth year of Social Democratic control began to bring changes, Vienna was disgraced by thousands of dwellings whose lack of light, of ventilation, and of plumbing surpassed almost anything in slums elsewhere. In the next ten years the city built over 65,000 houses and apartments and raised its standards with a rapidity never before equalled. Finally, during the first sixteen months of the Republic, the workers' representatives in parliament initiated and put through a series of laws dealing with labour and social problems, which placed Austria in the front rank in that type of legislation.

In 1920, however, the coalition in parliament collapsed. The next thirteen years witnessed a struggle for power between the workers' party and its antagonists, which ended in 1934 with the victory of the Krukenkreuz.

From the political angle, the opposing forces may be visualized as the Social Democrats against the field. With minor reservations their party deserves to be characterized as honestly democratic throughout its history. In consequence it secured thousands of

middle-class voters who opposed clericalism. The Christian Social party—the Catholic party—was largely democratic at first, but became definitely less so during the late 'twenties and early 'thirties. Its support came from an extremely heterogeneous group, ranging from thoroughly liberal and democratic Catholic trade unionists to reactionary industrialists and even Jewish bankers. The minor parties represented Pan-German, agrarian, and, later, Heimwehr and Nazi interests.

From the economic point of view the alignment was somewhat as follows. On one side were the very strong "free" trade unions, the Labour Bank and, to some extent, the co-operatives. On the other side were ranged the weak Catholic and the still weaker nationalist trade unions, the banking interests, heavy industry, the large landholders and the old aristocracy, the imperial army officers, the bulk of industry and trade, large sections of the middle-class, and, finally, the farmers. Among all these groups there was more or less pro-Habsburg sentiment. Naturally there were many cross-currents in such a conglomerate, but its components could generally be relied upon to work in unison against the Socialists.

It has been freely charged by Socialists and non-Socialists alike that the aristocracy, the bankers, and the industrialists were not willing to rely upon the ordinary instrumentalities for preserving "law and order," and that they provided the funds for the organization and equipment of a number of the right-wing "private armies" which sprang up in Austria. Complete substantiation of such charges has recently been published in the memoirs of Ernst von Streeruwitz, bitter opponent of the Social Democrats, and at one time Christian Social Chancellor of Austria. During a riot in Vienna in December, 1921, Streeruwitz was called to a meeting of bankers and industrialists:

> In these hours we clearly recognized that no protection was to be expected from the authorities, and so the idea to recur to an efficient and successful "self-aid" was born. I have no right to give away the name of the man who put the motion to create self-aid organizations. This man subsequently retired entirely from military activities, confining himself to the sphere of negotiations. At first his proposals met with opposition from all sides—"Are you going to found a private army?" "Have you the ambition to become a general?" In spite of these scornful remarks the motion was carried through. Thus began organization of the forces which, later on, formed the Heimwehr movement.

In addition to its more obvious implications this passage makes two points clear: the oft-repeated story that the Heimwehr was

organized because of the workers' riots in July, 1927, is false; the real drive behind the Heimwehr was class interest. And a few pages further on Streeruwitz writes:

> . . . Industry never denied having furnished the Heimwehr with substantial means in order to reinforce the movement. I very frequently took part in resolutions in this regard. . . . We came to the conclusion that the economy (i.e., industry) could be saved neither outside nor against politics, but through politics. Because of existing electoral conditions it was impossible to secure for industry the necessary influence in parliament. Thus the idea arose and was formulated (in Austria and beyond our borders) that the problem was to be solved by recourse to force; that is, by building up military organizations for the purpose. Austrian industry did all in its power to further this development.[3]

Of course there can be no doubt that a great many members of right-wing armed groups, particularly peasants in the Alpine provinces, were honestly convinced that such organizations were a necessary part of a holy war against "Bolshevism." This idea was carefully cultivated by the priests in numerous localities. But Streeruwitz's testimony makes it clear that the organizing drive and the funds came at first from industry and the banks. And the quotation just given also makes it clear that these groups were not content to carry on the struggle on a democratic basis in the parliament; "the problem was to be solved by recourse to force."

Now it is well known that the Socialists too had their armed organization—the "Republican Defence Corps," or Schutzbund. This group came into formal existence under that name in the summer of 1923. Each side claims that it organized its military forces to meet the aggressions of the other. The truth seems to be that both Heimwehr and Schutzbund have a tenuous connection with such hastily organized local defence corps as those which fought against the Serbs in south Carinthia, and the Hungarians in Burgenland, after the War, just as similar Bavarian corps provided a basis for the Nazi storm-troops. Subsequently, differences in political and economic interests brought new alignments; so that Austrian industrial workers tended to line up in the Schutzbund, and the peasants and others in the Heimwehr. The essential difference was that the members of the Schutzbund—almost to a man—remained steadfast in their determination to defend the Republic and democratic institutions, whereas the leaders of the Heimwehr groups had little patience with democracy in the beginning and lost even that little by 1929, at the latest.

Tension between "right" and "left" armed groups reached a

high point at the end of January, 1927, when a crippled Social Democrat and an eight-year-old boy were killed in Burgenland by members of a right-wing corps. The character of the trial and the acquittal of the accused precipitated the riots of July 15, 1927, in which ninety persons were killed and hundreds injured. The Social Democrats deserve severe censure for not having better prepared to control the mass demonstrations they knew would follow an acquittal, but the charge that the whole episode was deliberately planned as a signal for "the revolution" is ridiculous. On the contrary—as talk with a number of extremists who desired a revolution at that time, has convinced me—their chief complaint was that an uprising was *not* planned. The real significance of the episode lies in the facts that it intensified bitterness, gave impetus to the Heimwehr movement, and strengthened the Christian Social Chancellor Seipel in his opinion that he must encourage that movement.

After preliminary trials of strength late in 1927 and in 1928, certain Heimwehr leaders and sympathizers decided that a *coup d'état* was practicable. In April, 1929, Seipel resigned. Numerous reasons have been offered, including "poor health," but a decisive one seems to emerge in the memoirs of his successor, von Streeruwitz. "Dr. Seipel hoped that good fire-arms used by energetic persons would prove sufficient, first to check the enemy's attack, and then to drive them back." And in another passage: "Dr. Seipel, according to his own words, had expected that as an officer of the old army and an industrial entrepreneur I should possess and be willing to use the energy which he himself possessed to a high degree, but, being a priest, could not use very well for obvious reasons."

Streeruwitz was forced out of office by his own party on the charge that he was too weak. To this charge he has replied: "The true reason was that I was put under pressure. It was demanded that I remove the power of the Socialists with one blow. Such a policy was impossible if grave complications within and without the country, including a severe financial crisis, were to be avoided. Moreover, I swore an oath to remain faithful to the constitution . . ., which oath I was unable to break. I was an officer of the old army."[4] Of the implications of the last two sentences there can be little doubt. Dollfuss too was an officer in

the imperial army; but, in the current phrase of 1933, constitution-breaking was his regular week-end sport.

During 1930 the fascist drive gathered momentum. Guidance from Italy, contributions of money increasingly arrived. As the parliamentary election approached great pressure was put upon Chancellor Vaugoin to call off the elections and carry through a *coup d'état*. He refused. But rapidly mounting unemployment did its work: the resistance of the working-class was weakened, and hundreds accepted the Heimwehr's pay in preference to the even smaller dole. But the election of 1930 is significant: for the first time the Nazis appeared with a full list of parliamentary candidates. Their showing, however, was so poor that the official statistical year-book does not bother to distinguish the Nazis from the other parties which "also ran."

September of 1931 brought the comic opera *putsch*, led by Pfrimer, in Styria. Motorized troops, sent to put down the uprising, established a record (of a sort) in attaining an average speed of six miles an hour *en route* to the scene of action. Informed in plenty of time, the Heimwehr men hid their weapons and retired to the village inns. Government troops located the "enemy" behind huge barricades—of beer mugs!

Local elections in the spring of 1932 were nothing short of a catastrophe for the "Christian Socials." Immediately there was a vigorous demand for parliamentary elections; against which the Catholic party fought desperately, fearing similar defeats. Dollfuss was asked to form a new cabinet, but after two weeks of compromises could do no better than a coalition of 83 seats in a house of 165 members—a majority of one.

The parliamentary situation went from bad to worse. There was a great deal of speech-making for the purposes of the various party newspapers, and the Socialists indulged in filibustering, which brought severe condemnation from within the party, not to mention the ammunition it provided for opponents of the parliamentary system in general. Finally, on March 4, 1933, the parliament "eliminated itself" by the simultaneous resignation of its three presiding officers. The Constitution did not specifically provide for such an emergency; the government refused to take any steps in the matter; and so began the rule by emergency decree. The obvious insincerity of the official claim, that there was no lawful possibility of assembling the parliament, is demonstrated by the

fact that it was assembled when the government desired to throw a cloak of legality around what the Viennese designate as the "unconstitutional constitution" of May, 1934.

For a few days in March, 1933, there was very real danger of a civil war. In retrospect many of the party leaders, and practically all of the Schutzbund men with whom I talked, agreed that this was the last chance for a successful armed defence against fascism. But again the leaders decided to attempt a solution on democratic principles despite the fact that the basic institution of democracy, parliament, had just been jerked from under their feet. Although international complications, to be mentioned below, influenced the decision, it rested primarily on an unwillingness to desert peaceful methods until their every possibility had been exhausted.

During the latter part of 1933, and right down to the day of the explosion, February 12, 1934, the Social Democrats were pursuing two apparently contradictory lines of action: attempting to negotiate and compromise, and buying arms and ammunition. Schutzbund leaders, in talking to me, made no bones about the second activity; they honestly believed that their opponents were determined to destroy democratic institutions by force, and that it was their duty as patriotic Austrians to defend those institutions—also, if necessary, by force. The Socialists claim to have made the greatest concession possible when they finally informed Dollfuss that, if he would only convene the parliament and pass their proposal through it, they would agree to a measure authorizing the government to rule by decree without parliament for two years, and this with but two conditions attached: that decrees should be subject to criticism by a small parliamentary committee, in which the government should have a majority; and that a constitutional court, the only protection against breaches of the Constitution, should be restored. Others argue that this concession was more apparent than real. At any rate, Dollfuss refused.

Meanwhile the police had uncovered some Schutzbund arms depots and arrested a number of leaders. Although Leopold Kunschak and other "Christian Social" leaders attempted a compromise, the pressure from Italy to clean out the Socialists was great and the desire of the Heimwehr to do so was equally great. On February 11, Fey made his oft-quoted speech: "Our conversations of yesterday and the day before have given us the certainty that Chancellor Dr. Dollfuss is ours. Tomorrow we shall go to

work, and we shall make a thorough job of it. . . ." The next morning fighting began in Linz and rapidly spread to all parts of Austria.[5]

It is generally known that, in resisting police attempts to search party headquarters, the workers in Linz acted in direct violation of positive orders from Otto Bauer and the party executive. Although knowledge of Heimwehr activities in the preceding two weeks is not so common, it is vital in assessing the responsibility for the beginning of the "Socialist" revolution.

On January 27, mobilization of Heimwehr troops began in various parts of Austria. A few days later several thousand armed Heimwehr men marched into Innsbruck, occupied the railway station and other strategic points, set up machine-guns in the streets, and presented to the "governor" of Tirol the following list of demands: (1) replacement of the constitutionally elected government of the "state" by a "state committee" which should work independently of all parties; this committee to be composed of two representatives of the Heimwehr, one of the *Ostmärkischen Sturmscharen* (Schuschnigg's private army) and the heads of the Farmers' and Young Farmers' Federations; (2) installation of a Heimwehr "Commissioner" in each of the districts of the state; (3) dissolution of the Socialist municipal governments throughout Tirol; (4) dissolution of the Social Democratic party; (5) voluntary "self-dissolution" of the Christian Social party. Within a week similar demands were presented in every Austrian state except one or two (the evidence is conflicting).

Disregarding more violent outbursts from Steidle, Starhemberg, Fey, and other Heimwehr leaders, one may get a fair idea of the spirit of these days from an editorial in the quasi-official *Reichspost* of February 5: "New times demand new forms. Emergency law takes precedence over statutory law. The country and the people would be destroyed if they patiently waited until all the complicated rules of democratic etiquette, all the ceremonies laid out in the paragraphs of the constitution were complied with and unwound *seriatim*. . . . The rider is up in the saddle; now let him show that he can ride."

The details of the fighting are unimportant here; but the question remains: "Why did a numerically weak group of Fascists overthrow the Socialists?" A major reason was the general political situation in Europe. On January 8, 1933, the so-called "Hirten-

berg weapon affair" was revealed by the *Arbeiter Zeitung*. Italy had sent weapons to a factory in Hirtenberg, ostensibly for repairs, but with the intent of sending them on to Hungary. The affair created plenty of trouble; but its chief significance for us is that, from this date on, Mussolini's already existing determination to clean out the Austrian Socialists was unshakable and the pressure he exerted to secure that end was unrelenting. Even more important were Hitler's victories in Germany on January 30, and March 5. The fear that any attempt to overthrow Dollfuss would simply redound to the benefit of the Austrian Nazis was always present. One Socialist commentator goes so far as to say that this fear was Dollfuss' greatest aid in his fight against the Social Democrats. Certainly the tactics of the party in 1933 cannot be understood without keeping this apprehension constantly in mind.[6]

An immediate reason for the practically complete failure of the general strike called in February, 1934, was the lack of adequate information and propaganda: the workers' newspapers did not appear; there were few, if any, handbills; there was no secret radio; there was no attempt to stop the government radio. But the primary reasons were economic and political. Unemployment had increased from less than 200,000 in 1929 to well over 500,000 at the beginning of 1934: the resistance of the workers had been broken by bitter economic want. And politically, they had been trained for years in the idea that the struggle must be carried on on a democratic parliamentary basis, while in the months preceding the catastrophe they had seen their leaders again and again apply the brakes to more radical policies. The Socialist leaders were unwilling to take the responsibility for precipitating a civil war so long as there was the slightest hope of a solution through negotiation and compromise. By their continued postponement of decisive action they gave their opponents time to strengthen their position; they encouraged the Heimwehr *et al.*, in the notion that, despite violent articles in the *Arbeiter Zeitung*, there would, at the last moment, be no real resistance; and they discouraged the workers.

In considering the reasons for the fascists' victory, the nature of their methods must not be overlooked. There were bombastic speeches and threats; there were serious interferences with civil liberties, extending to downright terrorism; but the essential feature of their plan was a policy of attrition. The weapon of this policy was the emergency decree. Every few days a new one, or a

batch of them, would appear. Always, care was taken not to do too much at one time: not to provide the Socialists with an absolutely clear-cut case on which they could rally the workers or appeal for international support. Finally, and decisively, there was the use of machine-guns and artillery against apartment houses.

The régimes of Dollfuss and Schuschnigg, particularly in Vienna, were spying, vicious, and often brutal police dictatorships. Bad as the democrats considered these régimes, the opinion was general that they were definitely not so bad as the German. Support was lent to the contrast with Germany by the fact that, shortly after the disturbances of February, 1934, a curb was put on the Heimwehr. First Fey and later Starhemberg were forced out of the cabinet, and their troopers were absorbed into the Fatherland Front. As a result the Austrians were spared some of the excesses of the S.A. men in Germany. With this material difference taken into account, it remains true, however, that despite much talk of reconciliation little was done to effect it. Members of the former Socialist group, and of the "free" trade unions, were persecuted in every fashion, chiefly by forcing them out of employment and by locking them up for activities in favour of a prohibited political party. The criminal law was "reformed," to make it possible to punish a man two and three times for the same offence; and hundreds were so punished. House-searchings ran into the tens of thousands. Numbers of my acquaintances refused to permit all their guests for tea or dinner to sit in the same room, except while actually eating; they feared a raid and prosecution for "illegal political meetings." On several occasions public officials were given instructions as to exactly what lies they should tell me, and a second official was sent into the office to make sure that they were told.

Evidence of this sort would fill many articles. It all points in one direction. However much one may dislike the Marxist colour of the democracy that existed in Austria prior to 1933, one must remember that, particularly in the last years, there were only two choices: some brand of fascism and this type of democracy which, in its actions, was social reformist rather than Marxist. However much it may have departed from our ideals of democracy, it was much nearer those ideals than the system which replaced it.

Thus far the Nazi movement has received scant attention. As demonstrated by the election results of 1930, in which it could not

secure a single seat in the parliament, the movement to that time was completely insignificant. By the spring of 1932 the situation was radically altered. Municipal elections in Innsbruck in 1931 showed almost 15,000 Hakenkreuz voters in a total of 36,000. In Vienna, in 1932, 200,000 Hitlerites elected to the city council fifteen members out of a total of one hundred—a striking contrast with the results of the preceding election (1927), which showed only 7,000 votes and no seats in the council. Also, in 1932 the party secured eight mandates from fifty-six in the Diet of Lower Austria, and six from twenty-six in that of Salzburg. And about this time the Heimwehr in Styria, always under the domination of the *Alpine Montangesellschaft*, made a deal with the local Nazis, agreeing to recognize Hitler as their chief.

But intensive as the propaganda drive had been in 1932, it was trifling compared with that of 1933 and the first half of 1934. Fodor, the correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, reports that in the first six months of 1933 alone about $5,000,000 were spent. In addition to leaflets, booklets, insulting and provocative broadcasts from German stations, and the daubing of swastikas on buildings and sidewalks, there was a generous use of dynamite. Until February, 1934, the fight was triangular among black and brown fascists and the democratic elements. Mussolini was supporting Dollfuss, and Hitler the Austrian Nazis; but the Social Democrats had lost their chief potential ally with the collapse of their colleagues across the border.

With the "revolutionary rubbish" of democracy cleared away, the conflict between the Dollfuss and Hitler varieties of fascism for a short time subsided. On February 19, the Nazi "Provincial Inspector for Austria" broadcast from Munich the party's "conditions of peace" to the Vienna government, and at the same time ordered a cessation of all hostile actions for eight days. The immediate and complete response to this order provides convincing proof of the control of the whole agitation from Germany. Minor disturbances took place in March and April, and then for three months the little country was subjected to a bombing which surpassed even that at the end of 1933. Destruction of railroad properties was accompanied by the distribution of leaflets containing the warning: "If you want to commit suicide, patronize the Austrian Federal Railways."

The culmination of this series of outrages was the murder of

Dollfuss. Notwithstanding official denials practically everyone who has made any attempt to ascertain the facts has concluded that Germany was responsible.[7] What most Austrians think is reflected in a story which circulated shortly after February 12 of last year: "There are two 'secret' clauses to the Berchtesgaden 'agreement:' Vienna remains a stop for express trains; Dollfuss died of appendicitis."

Of the Nazi propaganda in 1936 and 1937 I saw and heard a good deal: huge swastikas painted everywhere, particularly on sheer Alpine cliffs where they would be hard to remove; handbills and mimeographed "newspapers;" innumerable political jokes directed against the Schuschnigg régime; whole blocks of seats bought for ice-skating exhibitions and football matches so that their occupants might greet a German team with the Hitler salute. But the trick which most irritated the loyal Catholic was a mutilation of the five-schilling piece. As recent visitors know, this coin bears a reproduction of the famous silver statue of the Virgin at Mariazell. The Nazis altered the crucifix suspended from her neck into a Hakenkreuz.

Notwithstanding these efforts, a decisive majority of Austrians preferred independence. Though such things cannot be proved in a land where political parties were banned, elections unknown, the press prostituted, freedom of assembly discarded, and freedom of speech a fiction, there is competent opinion to the effect that the Nazis reached the peak of their strength in the early summer of 1934. Certainly there was a sharp decline immediately following Dollfuss' murder.

Meanwhile the antagonism between Mussolini and Hitler, which prompted the former to send his troops to the Brenner Pass in 1934, had been patched up; Abyssinia had been violated, and Hitler had torn up a few more sections of the Treaty of Versailles.

For the first few days after the conversations at Berchtesgaden, the Austrian people learned nothing of what had actually happened. When they did learn, they exploded. Letters from friends were unanimous on one point: Hitler brought about a degree of unity in the population which had not been equalled since war days. The last part of February witnessed a turning-point in the relations of the government and the working-class. Many felt that Schuschnigg had betrayed his country, but they were willing to strike hands with the devil himself in a fight against National Socialism.

Men who had served prison sentences for participating in the February "civil war" were treated like government ministers by government ministers. One leader of the illegal trade unions is reported to have been arrested, and then taken to the Mayor of Vienna for a lengthy conference concerning the wishes of the workers. When Schuschnigg announced a plebiscite on the question of independence he knew precisely what he was doing, and there can be no doubt as to what the result would have been. As an old Socialist workman who was very proud of his poor English once said to me: "Ve hate Schuschnigg vorse as hell, but ve hate Hitler vorse as ten tousand hells."

Hitler also knew what the result of an honest, or even a half honest, plebiscite would be, and so he marched his army in to "liberate" Austria. For a million and a half Austrians, perhaps two millions, the change has brought a feeling of liberation; the emotions of another four and a half to five millions range from apathy, through helpless resignation, to black despair. But the Austrians proudly boast that Vienna had long been a centre of culture when Berlin was only a stinking little Slavic fishing village. Perhaps the pendulum will swing again. . . .

NOTES

[1]Otto Bauer, *Die österreichische Revolution*, pp. 130-61; R. Bernasek, *et al.*, *Österreich-Brandherd Europas*, pp. 19-20.

[2]Otto Bauer, *Der Weg zum Sozialismus*; Julius Deutsch, *Aus Österreichs Revolution; Protokoll des sozialdemokratischen Parteitages*, 1926, pp. 175-6.

[3]Ernst von Streeruwitz, *Springflut über Österreich*, pp. 215-16, 230, 242.

[4]Streeruwitz, *op. cit.*, pp. 227, 413, 396.

[5]Leopold Kunschak, *Österreich 1918-1934*, pp. 213-16.

[6]Pertinax, *Österreich, 1934*, pp. 192-3.

[7]Cf. Johannes Messner, *Dollfuss* (German edition), p. 155; John Gunther, "Policy by Murder," in *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, Nov., 1934, pp. 651-62, and "Mort de Dollfuss," in *Revue des Deux Mondes*, July 15, 1936, pp. 308-21 (some differences in details); M. W. Fodor, *Plot and Counterplot in Central Europe*, pp. 229, 235; Pertinax, *op. cit.*, pp. 289-93; H. P. Rainey in *N.Y. Times*, Oct. 4, 1934; Johann Messinger, *The Death of Dollfuss*. The first sections of the last-named source are a translation of the official "Brown Book" published by the Austrian government in the fall of 1934. They alone provide adequate documentary proof of Germany's responsibility. The final section, supplied by the translator, is a collection of quotations from European newspapers.

PURITANISM AND POETRY: SAMUEL GOTT

J. Max Patrick

IDEAS, like nations, pass through a formative, "heroic," period before their historic realization. Minor writers furnish this formative material. Avoiding the convolutions and backeddies of the main currents of thought, they frequently dig out swift and uncomplicated channels. Their effect on contemporary thinkers is slight; their importance is not realized until later times. Their opinions are rude and unfinished forecasts of ideas, which, in later historical period, become quick and fertile. Such and yet more than such a writer was Samuel Gott. For while he was separate and anticipatory in some of his theories, he nevertheless moved in the main stream of Puritanism. Puritanism, which is generally judged in terms of its antipathies, is in his works revealed in its positive side. His outlook is that of a broad and cultured Protestant. His views are urbane, judicious, and frequently novel. In his remarks on poetry he is revealed both as a typical Puritan and as a thinker of considerable originality. The second half of this article is devoted to an examination of these remarks. The first half is an attempt to assemble from original sources the few extant details of his life and works;[1] it also gives a brief and general picture of his character and outlook.

I

Samuel Gott was born in London, in January, 1613, four years after the birth of Milton. Both were sons of prosperous *bourgeois* homes. In education and in background their lives were remarkably similar. Even their reading seems to have been in the same authors: each, for example, was strongly influenced by Du Bartas. In adult life each led a scholarly existence, though remaining in close touch with public affairs. It is highly probable that they were acquainted. Men of such similar tastes, of the same rank of society, often resident in the same places, and active in the same events, must almost certainly have discovered each other.

[1]There is a short sketch of Gott's life in Stephen K. Jones, "The Authorship of Nova Solyma," *The Library*, 1917, ser. 3, I, p. 225. See also Venn and Venn, *Alumni Cantabrigiensis*, Cambridge, 1922: art. *Gott, Samuel.*

Gott's father, an ironmonger, seems to have been a merchant of some standing. He sent his son to Merchant Taylors' School and to St. Catharine's College, Cambridge. Here he graduated B.A. in 1632, the year in which Milton left Cambridge. In March, 1633, Gott was admitted to Gray's Inn. Though called to the Bar in 1640, he probably did not practise. In the following year, after the death of his father, he retired to Battle, where he established himself as a country gentleman. He consolidated his position by marrying the daughter of Peter Farnden of Sedlescombe. The Farndens were a leading Sussex county family. In 1644 a daughter, Mary, was born, and in the same year Gott took his M.A. at Cambridge. Other children appear to have died in infancy. In 1652, a son and heir, Peter, was born. About the same time Gott took up his residence in London, but still spent much of his time on his country estate.[2] In 1657 he was appointed a Reader of Barnard's Inn. A year later he was elected an Ancient. He seems to have remained in London until about the time of the Restoration.

Although Gott was Member of Parliament for Winchelsea, 1645-8, for Rye, 1656-8, and for Hastings, 1659,[3] he appears to have played little part in Parliamentary affairs. There are records of only one speech delivered by him. This was in the debates on Cromwell's new Lords. Gott pleaded for them as a necessary evil—"as a lame man would for a wooden leg."[4] His election as a recruit to the Long Parliament in 1645 shows that he was no Royalist. However, his exclusion in Pride's Purge would seem to imply that his Puritanism was either too liberal or too conservative for the Cromwellians. In 1656, though duly elected as a member for Rye, he was among those persons who were refused admission to the House. His name was appended to the forged Remonstrance against this refusal.[5] The pamphlet, written "purposely to blemish the integrity of the excluded members,"[6] was, however, suppressed. Gott was one of five representatives from Sussex who were not allowed to take their seats. His rejection does not necessarily imply that his views were opposed to those of the Cromwellian faction:

[2]*Hist. MSS. Comm.*, 13th *Rpt.*, Appen. IV, p. 226.

[3]*Ibid.*, p. 243. Venn and Venn, *ut supra.*

[4]Thomas Burton, *Parliamentary Diary*, ed. J. T. Rutt, 1828, IV, p. 57.

[5]The Remonstrance is printed in Whitelocke, *Memorials of English Affairs*, London, 1732, p. 651.

[6]Letter of Colonel Morley to Sir John Trevor, in Thurloe, *State Papers*, London, 1742, V, p. 490.

many of the excluded were relatively harmless individuals.[7] Three years later, when elected for Hastings, Gott was allowed to take his seat. Nothing is known of his activities at the time of the Restoration. He was not a member of the Convention Parliament; nor was he among those who were chosen in the elections of May, 1661. In the autumn of this year, however, he opposed Sir John Robinson in a contest for the seat representing Rye, vacated by the death of Colonel Spencer.[8] Both contestants were men of influence with the electors. Gott was prevented from personal attendance at Rye, and the circumstances reveal the perils of seventeenth-century London. "I . . . would have appeared," he wrote to Samuel Jeake, "if Providence had not hindered me by a casual blow on my knees with a stone; which happened this morning as I was walking in the street to take water, by a waterman throwing it at another. I thank God I am not ill, but fear lest riding and the cold may produce some inconvenience to me."[9] Being thus forcibly absent, and being opposed by the combined strength of argument, strategy, £100, and "much feasting," Gott was inevitably defeated.[10]

Meanwhile, in 1654, he had been one of the commissioners for ejecting scandalous and insufficient ministers. He also sat on the Sussex assessment of 1656.[11] In 1663 he was re-established at Battle, where he held the position of Justice of the Peace.[12] He occupied his time in writing a *History of Genesis*, and in various intellectual pursuits. An extant manuscript letter to Dr John Wallis contains some of his speculations on the motions of heavenly bodies.[13] Another manuscript outlines a proposal for "an artificial spring or Clopydra, which should ebb and flow every twelve hours."[14]

[7]C. H. Firth, *Last Years of the Protectorate*, London, 1909, I, pp. 19 ff. R. C. H. Catterall, in *English Historical Review*, Oct., 1901, p. 737.

[8]*Hist. MSS. Comm.*, 13th *Rpt.*, Appen. IV, p. 343.

[9]Letter from Samuel Gott to Samuel Jeake [London, 1661], published in *Extracts from the Manuscripts of Samuel Jeake*, ed. T. W. W. Smart; in *Sussex Archeol. Soc. Coll.*, 1857, IX, p. 58.

[10]Letter from Jeake, *ibid.*, p. 59.

[11]T. W. W. Smart, *ibid.*, p. 56.

[12]S. K. Jones, *ut supra*, p. 236.

[13]Bodleian MSS.: Add. D. 105: Dr John Wallis, Correspondence, fol. 35; part of a letter from Samuel Gott, dated, Battle, Oct. 19, 1668.

[14]*Ibid.*, fol. 34: Dr John Wallis, "A Conjecture on Mr. Gott's Proposal for an Artificial Spring."

In December, 1671, Gott died. He was buried at Battle.

His writings consist of four or five works, the earliest of which was his utopia. This is the work of a young man. It was probably written while he was still at Cambridge. It appeared anonymously in 1648, under the title, *Novae Solymae Libri Sex*.[15] In the following year it was republished, still anonymously, but with a fuller title page and an extra leaf at the end containing an *Autocriticon*.[16] Both issues were evidently intended merely as proof editions for private circulation, although the second was advertised to the public ten years later. The *Autocriticon* promised a complete rewriting of the work if it obtained a favourable reception. But the book passed unnoticed amid the excitement of the Civil War. The publisher, Underhill, had unsold copies in 1659, but rarity of the work in later years would suggest that these were ultimately destroyed.[17] In 1902, the Reverend Walter Begley rescued it from oblivion, translated most of it into pompous but scholarly English, and injudiciously attributed it to Milton.[18]

Gott's second publication, *An Essay of the True Happiness of Man* (1650),[19] consists of forty short sections on moral, philosophical, and religious questions. In 1652, he provided commendatory verses for a translation of Grotius' *Sophompaneas or Joseph, a Tragedy*, the work of Francis Goldsmith, who had been a fellow student at Gray's Inn. In 1670 Gott anonymously published *The*

[15]Novae Solymae Libri Sex. Londini, Typis Joannis Legati. MDCXLVIII.

[16]Novae Solymae Libri Sex; sive Institutio Christiani. 1. De Pueritia. 2. De Creatione Mundi. 3. De Juventute. 4. De Peccato. 5. De Virili Aetate. 6. De Redemptione Hominis. *Cujus opus, studio cur tantum quaeris inani? Qui legis, et frueris, feceris esse tuum.* Londini: Typis Johannis Legati . . . MDCXLIX.

[17]Jones, *ut supra*, p. 225.

[18]*Nova Solyma, the Ideal City, or Jerusalem Regained. An Anonymous Romance Written in the Time of Charles I, now first Drawn from Obscurity, and Attributed to the Illustrious John Milton. With Introduction, Translation, Literary Essays, and a Bibliography, by the Reverend Walter Begley.* London (John Murray); New York (Scribner's), 1902. In two volumes.

The original is *not* reprinted "with translation." The translation itself is incomplete; omissions are not noted. Though correct as to matter, the spirit of the English version is quite unlike the competent and unaffected Latin of the original. See C. H. Firth's comments in the *Church Quarterly Review*, 1903, LVII, p. 101.

[19]An Essay of the True Happiness of Man. In two books. London. Printed by Rob. White . . . 1650.

Divine History of the Genesis of the World.[20] Like *Nova Solyma*, this was intended as a tentative issue. In the Premonition to the Reader, prefixed to the volume, Gott states that he "exposes it, such as it is, among my own countrymen, from whom I willingly expect many learned observations and critical reflections which will help me to perfect and prepare it for another language." His death in the following year prevented the appearance of a Latin version. Among the copies which he sent out for criticism was one which he presented to Peter Gunning, Bishop of Chichester. This volume now rests in the Library of St. John's College, Cambridge. A Latin autograph letter and a series of distichs on different schools of philosophy are prefixed to it.[21] A manuscript essay on *The Waters above the Firmament* is appended. Gunning had graduated from Cambridge in the same year as Gott, but from Clare Hall. He was an ardent Royalist. Gott found common ground with him, however, in condemning the theories of Copernicus, and in fears lest experimental science might undermine the revealed truths of religion. It was probably their mutual support of the Ptolemaic position which led Gott to submit his *History of Genesis* to Gunning. In this volume Gott rejects the new astronomy and seeks to justify the old. Nevertheless his views are the more liberal of the two. For example, he praised the Royal Society, while Gunning opposed its foundation.

Gott is also credited with a fourth work, *Parabolae Evangelicae Latine Redditae*, etc., which was published not later than 1650. Unfortunately no copy of these paraphrases has been discovered.

In October, 1668, Gott states, in the letter to Dr John Wallis, that he has completed "a Rhapsody of some Juvenile Poems." These he has given to his son Peter, a pupil at Tonbridge School, and the Master of the School was desirous of printing them. "I know him to be a good critic," adds Gott, "and hope he will be careful of them." However, no publication seems to have taken place. In the same letter Gott says that he felt the need of "Dr. Bathurst's supervision" in connection with the Rhapsody. Dr Ralph Bathurst (1620-1704), at that time President of Trinity College, Oxford, was the author of various *Poemata Latina*.[22]

[20]The Divine History of the Genesis of the World Explicated and Illustrated. London. Printed by E. C. and A. C. . . . 1670.

[21]Examples of these distichs are quoted by Jones, p. 239, *ut supra*.

[22]On Bathurst see Thomas Warton, *Life and Literary Remains of Ralph Bathurst*, London, 1761; which includes his Latin poems.

In spite of the fact that Gott was the acquaintance of such men as Bathurst and Wallis, and although he was the author of various works and a member of several Parliaments, the above account contains practically all that there is to be known about him. His character seems to have been marked by singular modesty and tentativeness: he published anonymously and hesitantly, and was an unusually silent Member of Parliament. Hence his long neglect by historians, and his absence from the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

Despite the paucity of details concerning Gott's life, the character of the man and of his ideas may be fairly easily deduced. The fact that he was sent to St. Catharine's College, Cambridge, is in itself proof that his family were Puritan in sympathy. "According to the *Querela Cantabrigiensis*, only one loyalist was ejected by Parliament from this College;"[23] the rest of the members were Puritans. Richard Sibbes (1577-1635), Master of the College, was renowned as a leader and a main fountainhead of Puritan theological opinion. Richard Baxter, Hugh Peters, and Thomas Goodwin were numbered among his disciples.[24] At St. Catharine's, and later at Gray's Inn, where Sibbes was a preacher, Gott came under his influence.

Gott's intellectual *milieu* was thus that of a broad and intelligent Puritanism. He was himself highly cultured: his reading in Latin literature seems to have been most comprehensive; his Latin poems are the productions of a versatile and well-trained mind. And he was a capable Hebrew scholar. His friends included learned men of divergent views—ardent Loyalists and careful Puritans, adherents of the new science, and defenders of the old. In him there was none of that fanaticism which so frequently marked the Puritan. Throughout his works he is conservative and tolerant. He shows that sweet reasonableness was not entirely on the Anglican side, and that moderation was consonant with advanced Protestantism. He very seldom expresses opinions on ecclesiastical or on civil politics. This seems to have been due to hesitancy in adopting decided opinions on controversial matters rather than to a desire to escape consequences. His views are those of a liberal orthodox Puritan. He urges the careful sanctification of

[23]G. Dyer, *History of the University and Colleges of Cambridge*, London, 1814, II, p. 170.

[24]*D. N. B.*: art. *Sibbes, Richard.*

Sunday but avoids a narrow sabbatarianism. He opposes image-worship, but permits statues even of the Virgin. He denounces ceremonies for ceremonies' sake, but urges the use of pageantry, incense, and music when conducive to spirituality. His theology is Puritan. This is revealed in his outline of the process of redemption, by his adoption of civil marriage in his utopia, his discovery of the origin of sin in free will, his discussions on the course of spiritual struggles and of conversion, and in his dissertations on religious melancholy and divine inspiration.

Throughout his works, individualism is expressed or implied. His stress is on personal morality, personal religious experience, and the winning of personal salvation. His ideal realm, Nova Solyma, is noteworthy in utopian literature for the absence of constant interference with the individual by the state. He advocates few large reforms; he willingly accepts the class structure of society. Though his educational ideas are liberal, they preserve these class distinctions. His greatest desire is to foster a moral or religious tendency in all departments of human life. He advocates changes—or rather, implies the need for them—only in so far as they are necessary to make all things conducive and subordinate to morality. He was neither of the left nor the right wing of Puritanism. His ideal was not the doctrine of liberty as held by Milton and other radical Puritans; nor was it the strict and uncompromising literalism of the Right. He moved on a middle path avoiding controversy, zeal, and "enthusiasm," yet expressing a life-pervading religion. Liberty and literalism were in him subordinate to the easy conduct of godliness. In his eyes, all things had their proper moral place: the true life for him was one of cultured righteousness.

II

Gott has hitherto been given no place in the history of English poetic theory in the seventeenth century. His excellence as a writer of Latin verse has, however, been partially acknowledged. In this he displays an extraordinary dexterity of versification, an unparalleled variety of metres, and an unfailing mastery of intricate forms. His rhythms extend even to the pentacolon hexastichon and tetracolon heptastichon. His range includes a bridal song, a variety of hymns and psalms, Pindaric odes, anacreontics, distichs, glyconics, and extracts from an epic. Despite his virtuosity, he avoids pedantry or stilted language. Moreover, he is free from

the verbal gymnastics and anagrams which were popular with the grammarians of his period. The best of his poems are quoted in the appendices of Begley's edition of *Nova Solyma*. These clearly reveal that Gott was sufficiently a master of the practice of poetry to be able to speak authoritatively about it. His remarks, however, are based entirely on Greek and Latin verse; he makes no mention of English poets; moreover, he completely ignores the works of Sidney and Puttenham on poetry. His theories remained unknown until the present century. His writings, nevertheless, reveal the place given to poetry in broad Puritan thought. Like Milton's, they show "what religious, what glorious and magnificent use might be made of poetry, both in divine and human things."[1] Above all, they justify the existence of poetry; and in so doing, they present a striking theory of its source, and an original analysis of its nature and appeal.

One of the words in most frequent use in the first half of the seventeenth century was *justification*. It was characteristic of the Puritan mind that it should attempt to justify all things—even the ways of God, to men, and the souls of men, to God. Essentially normative in his attitude to life, the Puritan wished to refer everything to a common centre, to interrelate all things. He especially endeavoured to justify every action, every aspect of his life; he did so in terms of Reason, of Nature, or of Scripture. His great urge was for security: he sought stability in formulation. Though an individualist he would not accept a Good merely on the basis of his personal experience of its goodness: he insisted upon relating it; his test was its conformity to his norms. His individualism showed itself rather in his insistence upon himself as making and judging this application. He could doubt the validity of his experience: he could never doubt his ability to judge it personally and by his self-adapted standards. In brief, he found the values which he sought, less in themselves than in their relationships: he viewed all worldly things as means. His end was, of course, religious —the glorification of God and the knowledge of Him.[2]

The Puritan view of poetry was no exception to this insistence upon the necessity of justifying the experiences and activities of life. If poetry was to be valued, it was certainly not because of its intrinsic beauty; nor was it so much because it conveyed an

[1]John Milton, *Tractate on Education*, *Prose Works*, Bohn ed., III, p. 474.
[2]Gott, *True Happiness*, p. 191.

experience of life, as that it conduced to religion. Indeed, religion was the most suitable subject of poetry; "for," wrote Gott, "religion, above all else, presents to us the unusual, the marvellous, and the sublime, and is able to rouse our feelings with the most forcible of all inducements."[3]

Gott's conception of this forcible power of poetry resulted from his theological opinions. He considered that Adam enjoyed the perfect use of all his faculties before the Fall. He possessed "Right Reason," a kind of "Spiritual Understanding,"[4] a natural knowledge of "the Moral Law and sum of all duties toward God and Man."[5] "As Adam was created in a state of perfection, so he had a great advantage of us in other respects, being created in the perfect maturity of his understanding."[6] His Fall, however, caused a weakening and corruption of man's "best faculties."[7] Before the Fall the human mind knew things directly by what might be called a rational intuition. Since then, it has learned only by discourse and inference—a process which involved much labour and study: "per discursum et illationem multo studio et labore." Despite the Fall, however, the senses have retained their ability to comprehend things intuitively. The result is that they now give us "clearer knowledge and keener pleasure than our mental faculties do." Accordingly, if we wish any concept of the mind to be more clearly understood and more effectually presented, of our own accord, we make use of sensible objects to convey our meaning. This tendency to analogy and image is the source of poetry. "Thence arose metaphor, followed by allegory; and allegory begat the parable; and these, with their original moral, were by degrees extended to embrace all that belongs to man's life and history, and so arrived at what we call Poetry."[8]

[3]Gott, *Nova Solyma*, ed. Begley, I, p. 259. *Ibid.*, ed. 1648, p. 140: "cum religio huic arti materiam maxime opportunam, nempe altam, inusitatam, mirabilem praestet, et quae omnes animi affectus efficacissimo impulsu excitet."

[4]*True Happiness*, p. 144. [5]*Ibid.*, p. 149. [6]*Ibid.*, p. 193.

[7]*Nova Solyma*, ed. Begley, I, p. 296; ed. 1648, p. 161.

[8]*Ibid.*, ed. Begley, I, p. 296; ed. 1648, p. 160. The Latin of the entire passage in question is as follows:

> De fictionibus et fabulis sic conjicio. Sensus nostros objecta per intuitum amplecti, mentem per discursum et illationem multo studio et labore consequi: nempe parentem humani generis cecidisse praecipitem; optimasque animae facultates, ut omnino corrupisse, ita maxime contudisse: unde fit ut certior sit sensuum notitia, et jucundior voluptas, quam ipsius animae intelligentis: nosque propterea rerum intelligendarum species metaphoris a

This view of the function of poetry is a variation of the old maxim that it must teach and delight. Its importance lies in the fact that it attempts an explanation of how poetry teaches and why it delights; that it outlines the evolutionary process whereby Gott supposes poetry to have arisen; and that it suggests his view of the nature of poetry and stresses the comprehensiveness of its subject-matter. His doctrines mark an advance from the usual Puritan suspicion of the imagination and senses. They preserve the Puritan belief in reason as the supreme faculty. They take into consideration the observed fact that the senses and the imagination are better educative channels than the mental faculties. Thus at one time, they reconcile theological doctrine, observed psychological fact, and a belief in the supremacy of reason. Above all, they justify the existence of poetry, justify the appeal of poetry to the senses, and justify sensual experience itself as being conducive to knowledge.

Puritanism had little opportunity to produce a literature. But even if the opportunity had been afforded, the Puritan mind would have insisted on a reconciliation of poetry with, and a subordination of poetry to its necessary ends: the glory of God, the righteous life, and the achievement of a moral civilization—the Kingdom of God. Poetry appealed to the imagination and the senses; it played upon man's lower faculties; as such it was suspect. In the very practice of his poetry, Milton belied a fear of the senses. Yet the diminishing number of metaphors, similes, images, and poetic fancies in his later works would seem to indicate an increasing doubt as to the validity of the "use of sensible objects to convey . . . meaning."[9] Apart from his famous description of a poem as "simple, *sensuous*, and passionate," Milton makes little effort to justify the sensual appeal of poetry. In the passages quoted above, however, Gott does find a formula apt to the satisfying of the Puritan mind.

In Gott's view, poetry fulfilled its educative function by conveying meaning directly through the senses and the imagination.

re corporea desumptis sponte repraesentare, quando volumus sensibilius agnosci, aut efficacius insinuari. Inde cum metaphor cum loquendi genus adeo placeret, in allegorias excurrisse. Tum allegorias peperisse parabolas; atque has demum, quae unicam tantum intentionem sequuntur, in modum continentis historiae ad universam vitae mensuram formatas; hinc poesin fuisse deductam, et inter alias artes seorsim numeratam.

[9]The phrase is Gott's; *Nova Solyma*, ed. Begley, I, p. 296; ed. 1648, p. 160.

Poetry provided a presentation of Life ("all that belongs to man's life and history")[10] which was clearer and more effective than rational discourse and inference. Gott's delight in poetry was thus justified. It exercised "the higher emotions (*diviniores affectus*) which God . . . implanted in all . . . ; herein lies the great service of that art to man."[11]

Gott traces the rise of poetry to the tendency of the human mind to speak in terms of the concrete: first in analogies, then in metaphors, allegories, and parables. When this mode of expression is extended so as to embrace human life and history in general, then it is poetry. The poets add colour to edification; they "impart life and discernment;"[12] "they describe, as in a picture, all the wonderful beauties of Nature, which lie hidden from the unobservant crowd. By this they throw a new glamour on the world, and put before us the ideas of the divine mind."[13] The function of poetry is thus to explain Life, to bring the secret, the unnoticed, and the unknown to the consideration of men.[14] Indeed, poets rejoice most "when, with due regard to the aspects of Nature, they happily describe in true and simple language, those outward symbols that she has, so wondrous fair, yet scarcely noticed by the mass of mankind."[15]

Nevertheless, Religion rather than Nature is the most suitable subject for poetry. To tell the deeds of the Almighty, to convey the joy of religious ecstacy, to express the oracles of heaven, poetry is, as it were, the natural language. Indeed, Gott goes so far as to declare that poetry, or something closely akin to it, is "the native language of heaven."[16]

The presence of poetry in heaven would seem to contradict Gott's justification of it as the most direct means to a comprehension of Life. Rather than this, however, the songs of the angels illustrate but another function of poetry: it expresses emotion and feeling as well as impressing the senses. The impressive function

[10] *Ibid.* [11] *Ibid.*, ed. Begley, II, pp. 95-6; ed. 1648, p. 267.
[12] *Ibid.*, ed. Begley, I, p. 267; ed. 1648, p. 144.
[13] *Ibid.*, ed. Begley, I, pp. 256-7; ed. 1648, p. 139.
[14] *Ibid.*, ed. Begley, I, p. 280; ed. 1648, p. 152.
[15] *Ibid.*, ed. Begley, I, p. 171; ed. 1648, p. 78.
[16] *Ibid.*, ed. Begley, I, p. 259; ed. 1648, p. 140.

is perhaps unnecessary in heaven; but the expressive is "the fittest vehicle of the joys and triumphs that are there."[17]

It is evident that religion, for Gott, was a thing of warmth and cheerfulness. Poetry was her best and most proper handmaiden. He accordingly condemns those narrower Puritans who seek to "bind down . . . that sacred Muse that should be so free, deprive her of all warmth and colour, all beauty of expression, all loftiness of thought; as if religion could be nothing unless lonely, dry, feeble and morose, and could never beget a noble, vigorous and generous impulse."[18]

Gott observes two psychological effects of the expressive function of poetry. It pacifies the restless, and it enlivens the serious: "levia ingenia absorbent, et in se penitus convertunt; solida recreant atque maturant."[19] Thus David and Solomon wrote poems when their minds were grieved. It may be that Gott is recalling the Aristotelian theory of the cathartic function of poetry; but his use of the word *convertunt* would seem to imply a process somewhat like that of *sublimation*, as used by modern psychologists. The restlessness is not purged away: it is redirected and absorbed into the art itself. The second psychological effect is to enliven and ripen the serious-minded. In other words, poetry, through its presentation of the unusual, the marvellous, and the sublime, is able to heighten sensibility, to increase a man's comprehension of life. And by this very growth in comprehension, a man is ripened and matured.

Thus the subject of poetry is all that belongs to human history. Its function is to convey Life, to lend significance, to give understanding: it does so through a sensual and imaginative appeal. It is also the apt and proper expression of ecstacy or of restlessness: it is the best servant of religion.

The use of poetry is justified by the practice of God Himself. For in accommodating His mysteries to human understanding, God "is willing to come down into the theatre of our mental fancy and affect it by things of sense—for does not faith come by hearing, and worship by seeing? And in the rapt poetic strain so frequently met with in God's prophets, have the senses anything to do with the origin of the marvel beyond the utterance or writing down of

[17] *Ibid.*, ed. Begley, I, p. 259; ed. 1648, p. 140.
[18] *Ibid.*, ed. Begley, I, p. 258; ed. 1648, pp. 139-40.
[19] *Ibid.*, ed. 1648, p. 162; ed. Begley, I, p. 297.

the words given?"[20] Both the senses and poetry itself are thus conceived of merely as means to desirable ends. Gott refuses to value poetry purely for poetry's sake. Indeed, in his essay "Of Hell," he classes it with things deceptive, gross, empty, or sensual.[21] He likens it to wine, in that it may be "either a soothing medicine or a strong poison according to the way it is taken."[22] And thus he demands that poetic expression should be carefully controlled. Nothing contrary to reasonable faith or morality should be permitted in it.

This restriction of poetic licence is only to be expected in Gott's thought. If poetry embraces the whole of man's life and history, the ordinary standards of judgment are naturally to be applied to it. If poetry is life, then poetry must be judged by life-values. Nevertheless its fictitious element, the part of it which is not true to life, is not to be condemned outright. A mingling of truth with falsehood may be dangerous, but it remains the most effective way of bringing to light verities which would otherwise remain unobserved and concealed. This is illustrated in Christ's use of parables.[23] "An ingenious poem or pleasant fable, made only to take the ear, raises quicker affections in the mind of the reader than the bare nakedness of the more profitable truth."[24]

Gott's position is interesting as being midway between the rationalism and the enthusiasm of Puritan thought. With the Presbyterians he accepts a rational, logical theology (though by no means Calvinistic); with the enthusiasts he recognizes the quicker appeal of the emotions, the rightness of the affections. Thus on the one hand he avoids the austerity of those who would eliminate sensual or imaginative appeal from religion, who would make it "lonely, dry, feeble, and morose."[25] But at the same time he avoids the primitivist distrust of reason and learning. In a

[20] *Ibid.*, ed. Begley, I, p. 296; ed. 1648, p. 161.

[21] *True Happiness*, p. 281: "These things are no monkery nor Christian poetry, no *bruta fulmina*, but most certain truths, grounded on reason and scripture." *Ibid.*, p. 279: "The Turks fancy a Paradise of all carnal delights, and a place of corporeal torments, very gross and sensual, nearer poetry than Christianity."

[22] *Nova Solyma*, ed. Begley, I, p. 297; ed. 1648, p. 161.

[23] *Ibid.*, ed. Begley, I, p. 296; ed. 1648, p. 161.

[24] *True Happiness*, p. 3.

[25] *Nova Solyma*, ed. Begley, I, p. 258; ed. 1648, pp. 139-40.

religion served by poetry the rational and the sensual are both recognized and utilized: the superiority of Right Reason is acknowledged, but the excellence of the senses as the more direct means to the attainment of truth is also allowed.

Since it is the poet who is to harmonize these goods, Gott concludes that "it is not everyone of fiery and forceful genius that turns out to be a good poet; more often is the true poet a man who has been blessed by nature with a well-balanced mind, an intellect great but sober withal."[26] Poetry must "exercise the higher emotions."[27]

There is a quality of fairness in Gott's thought, a willingness to face and to accept facts even when it is difficult to relate them to his theories. Thus despite his subordination of poetry to religious and moral truth, he nevertheless recognizes what he calls a "truth of art"—a pure aesthetic quality distinct from all others. He is a Puritan in his condemnation of this truth as a "great vanity." Nevertheless, the recognition marks him as possessing powers of analysis, observation, and originality, exceptional in his period. He antedates much later poetic theory in tracing a peculiar delight derived from literature, to its design or pattern. The admission of the existence of pure poetic enjoyment is made incidentally. It is condemned as vain and as inferior to the instructive value of plainer literary work. Gott's basic attitude to poetry, as to life, is practical and utilitarian. "A dream may satiate imagination, but it cannot fill the belly. . . . These enchantments of the mind dissolve in a moment. . . ."[28] "Contemplation of any vain thing, as of a Beauty or the like, doth strangely infect the soul, dyeing it with the Image of the Object."[29] But the qualification which he immediately introduces does not detract from the originality of the remark: ". . .There is indeed a truth of Art in witty fictions which is real matter of delight; yet it argues great vanity to be more affected with the embroidery of an artificial Lie, than with the plain work of better Instructions."[30] But one must not leave the matter there. As has been shown above, Gott qualifies his condemnation of art as vanity by admitting its excellence as a means to the edification of man. A brief examination of his view of the faculties of the human mind will make his meaning clear.

[26] *Ibid.*, ed. Begley, I, p. 268; ed. 1648, p. 145.
[27] *Ibid.*, ed. Begley, II, p. 95; ed. 1648, p. 267.
[28] *True Happiness*, p. 7. [29] *Ibid.*, p. 5. [30] *Ibid.*, p. 3.

In the psychological sections of his works, Gott outlines several degrees of knowledge. His classification is based on origins. There is the knowledge obtained through *the World of Sense*; then there is that which is obtained in *the Shop of Fancy*; finally, there is a knowledge derived from *the Intellectual Orb or World of Intelligences*. According to Gott, the World of Sense is productive of much joy; it is superior to mere matter: it "begets a lively and sprightful delight." "The least Bee," he says, "finds more pleasure in making and tasting a little Honey, than the Sun and all the self-moving Planets in their perpetual Courses."[31] It is, however, in the Shop of Fancy that poetic delight is to be discovered. Gott does not differentiate between fancy and imagination: they are one and the same faculty, or at most, different aspects of it. This faculty is "more spiritual" than that of sense. Its function is threefold. In the first place, "it refines and composes the simple *species* of the world of sense into various forms and figures." It arranges, designs, and rearranges. Secondly, "as it thus works withindoors, so it also apprehends the Beauty and Composure of exterior objects; which is greater matter of delight than to view them at large." In the first case, the imagination would seem to recreate sensual perceptions into the forms and figures apprehended by the mind. In the second case, the imagination becomes aware of the particular beauty and composition of the object perceived. In the last stage, the faculty of imagination exercises a "power of meditating and admiring which is an higher kind of enjoyment than Sense."[32] The beast excels man in outward senses, but in the meditative aspect of his imagination man is superior. "This excellency of Fancy, though somewhat above the nature of the beasts, is yet below reason and judgement. . . ."[33] But it ensures man's superiority in mechanical artifices and makes possible his enjoyment of poetry and the other arts. "Certainly Man hath more acquaintance with the Graces, and doth not only enjoy much pleasure in the apprehension of Beauty, Harmony, and Elegancy; but also in the very prevarications thereof. . . ."[34]

Man's highest faculty is Reason or Intellect, which enables him to discover "the very *Idea* and Module of Nature, and her wise Government by Causes and Effects, the Law of Reason and Policy, the being of Spirits, and Divinity itself." As regards

[31] *Ibid.*, p. 9. [32] *Ibid.* [33] *Ibid.*, p. 11. [34] *Ibid.*, p. 10.

poetry, reason is important as the realm of language. It also provides a philosophical content. Moreover, through intellectual apprehension and reflection, reason is the source of spiritual delight. It leads to a sight of Divine Glory and passes ultimately into something superior—to an intuitive rationality, to that exquisite and consonant poetry which is the language of heaven. But to discuss this poetry is far beyond our powers: "Here the Mind, having mounted the utmost Circle of Nature's Globe, taketh her flight, and passeth over into Infinity, and there enjoys not only the perfection of all created Good, but finds out another and better Nature, and a new World of Worlds."[35]

[35] *Ibid.*, p. 13.

REVIEWS

ROBERT LAIRD BORDEN[1]

A. Brady

The *Memoirs* of Robert Laird Borden will secure its place among the most important books on the national life of Canada, published since the Great War. It must immediately invite comparison with the *Life and Letters of Sir Wilfrid Laurier* by Dr O. D. Skelton, which appeared eighteen years ago. The volumes on Borden have much less literary distinction; indeed they are singularly without pattern except that which the material itself provides, and the writing, while clear and accurate, is matter-of-fact, and wholly deficient in Dr Skelton's liveliness and polish. Furthermore they fail to do for Borden what Skelton did for Laurier—place him luminously in the perspective of Canadian history, relating him fully to the political movements of his youth and the changing social forces of his maturity. It is perhaps too much to expect that a man writing his own reminiscences could accomplish such a task with genuine success. But whatever their literary and historical shortcomings, the *Memoirs* have merits distinctive and significant. Thanks not to art, but to its absence, they contain more candid and shrewd comments on men and methods; in some cases by an intimacy of touch that shuns conscious literary effect they expose more deeply the inner nature of Canadian democracy. And scarcely less important and entertaining are the passages traceable to the fact that they are not merely memoirs, but also, we may surmise, for Robert Laird Borden a means for wiping off some old scores.

Volume I traces in two chapters Borden's early career, and treats, in the remaining twenty-three chapters, his public life from entrance to the House of Commons in 1896 to the conclusion of the parliamentary session of 1915. Except for the final chapters, this volume is much less interesting than its fellow: the sections which discuss his leadership of the Opposition in the early years lack fresh material, are poorly planned, and are often positively

[1] *Robert Laird Borden: His Memoirs*, edited and with a Preface by Henry Borden, and an Introduction by the Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen, The Macmillan Company of Canada, 1938, 2 vols., $10.00 set.

dull. In this period he kept no diary, and his quotations are usually from *Hansard*, a source which obviously can seldom offer literary embellishment. Nevertheless, in these chapters there are many illuminating remarks on the movements of the time. Volume II, on the period from 1915 to 1920, is throughout interesting. Here he uses extracts from his diary with telling effect, and some of the letters quoted (see, for example, that by Mr J. W. Dafoe under the date of September 29, 1917) convey the tense drama of Canadian politics in these searching years. Incidentally, we have also in the *Memoirs* many examples of Borden's own singular power as a writer of official letters, admirably illustrated in his correspondence with the Duke of Connaught and Sir Sam Hughes.

II

The issues which formed the central base of the political struggle in the period covered by the *Memoirs* were three: sectarianism in its various manifestations but especially relative to the claims for separate schools; the national policy, comprehending in that term all provisions to achieve a national economy, particularly tariffs and railways; and the tangled relations of the Dominion to the Empire. Owing to the War this latter issue loomed largest in Borden's life as Prime Minister, and through it he made his deepest impression on Canadian national affairs. On the sectarian question of separate schools, the *Memoirs* contain little that is genuinely fresh. Clearly Borden did not much relish the sectarian form of political warfare which he found rampant in Ontario and Quebec. "The awakening of so intense a feeling," he remarks, "was for me a novel experience. In Nova Scotia, Protestants and Roman Catholics lived in entire harmony." From it he escaped as best he could into the more congenial atmosphere of constitutional and economic questions. But, unfortunately for him, he could not so readily elude all its devastating effects. He had sadly to admit that the incident of the *Ne Temere* Decree affected, imponderably but genuinely, the election of 1908, although he claims that he did not know until after the votes were counted to what a varied degree it had been exploited in Ontario.

He was most at home in discussing national economic policy, particularly railway problems, and there is little doubt that in the Halifax Speech of 1907 he gave to the Conservative party a more logical and impressive platform than it had possessed since the

seventies. In stating that, one may not be saying much, since coherent and powerful thought has not been conspicuous in the formal programmes of Canadian parties. In discussing practical questions his analytical mind usually showed itself to good effect. He took justifiable pride in the fact that his railway recommendations of 1903, if adopted, would undoubtedly have saved the country from many of the acute difficulties that ensued. While critical of the railway policy of Laurier, in the *Memoirs* he appreciates the powerful pressures operating upon the Liberals at the time: the enthusiastic encouragement of the business interests which saw prosperity in a vast expenditure of money; the relentless insistence of the French on a transcontinental line that would cut through northern Quebec and terminate at Quebec city (and a French Prime Minister was peculiarly vulnerable to such pressure); the equally vigorous insistence of the Maritimes on the extension of the transcontinental to Moncton; and the eagerness among the rank and file of the Liberal electioneers to sponsor a third transcontinental, partly because of a traditional Grit hostility to the Canadian Pacific, and partly because of the advantage of cultivating the friendship of a new flock of contractors, a friendship valuable in the election of 1904, when (Borden laments) the Liberals had the money on their side.

When the railway crisis occurred in the period of the War, he was too much harassed by his many labours to give all the time to it that he wished, although in 1916 its gravity was such that he feared a dissolution would be necessary. From his narrative two facts emerge clearly: his conviction in favour of public ownership, and the political considerations which led to its adoption as a plank in his party's platform.

He had sincerely championed the principle of public ownership in railways for years before inescapable circumstances forced it upon an embarrassed government. As early as 1906 he had contended for the ownership and operation of railways as a national function: "The gift of a great national franchise, accompanied by huge public subsidies, under such conditions as will result in pouring into the pockets of a few fortunate individuals an enormous share of the wealth created by the settlement and development of our country is neither prudent nor statesmanlike."[2]

In the Halifax address of 1907, wherein he outlined a programme

[2] *Memoirs*, I, p. 171.

for the Conservative party, public ownership is emphasized, and the political considerations which dictated this emphasis are reasonably clear. It was logical to offer public ownership as one alternative to the practice of the existing government which was granting immensely important franchises to large private corporations. Borden sensed the fact that in two regions, Ontario and the West, opinion grew steadily in favour of publicly owned utilities, and that this opinion was well worth exploiting. In Ontario, for example, at least two ably edited newspapers, the *News* and the *World* of Toronto, were energetically championing the principle, and obtaining a favourable response. The emergence of the Ontario Hydro-Electric Power System had in particular struck the public imagination. In the West the grain-growers, irritated by their experiences with the Canadian Pacific, were rapidly coming to the conviction that either federally or provincially owned utilities were the most satisfactory instruments in developing a new country, and public ownership of telephones in the three prairie provinces bore witness to the vitality of this conviction. Significantly, therefore, when in 1911 Laurier angled for the grain-growers with Reciprocity, Borden angled for them with proposals involving an emphasis on provincial autonomy and public ownership, the grant to the Western provinces of their natural resources, the construction of the Hudson Bay Railway and its operation by an independent public commission, and the management by the state of terminal elevators.[3] Both the Conservative and Liberal policies at this time were thus profoundly fashioned by Western opinion, although in different ways. This fact was inevitable since the vote in the West was more mobile than in the East; more ready to shift promptly from one party to another in accordance with the willingness of the grain-growers to give support only in exchange for substantial concessions.

Closely related to his argument for public ownership was Borden's consistent pleading for the merit system in the civil service. He was specially proud of the fact that his first speech in the House of Commons was an attack upon the spoils system, and in subsequent years, whether in or outside parliament,

[3]See the pledges of the Liberal-Conservative party (*Memoirs*, I, p. 324). The Laurier Cabinet had shrunk from the public ownership of elevators advocated by the grain growers, and the Conservatives were, therefore, promising to give something refused by the government.

notably in the Halifax Speech of 1907, he frequently made the merit principle an issue. The formation of the Union Government afforded the opportunity of carrying the act of 1918, which gave a virtual death-blow to the dominance of party influence upon appointments to the service.[4] Despite his confidence that appointment according to merit would mean an immensely more efficient administration, he was always emphatic that such industries as railways, when owned or administered by the state, should not be brought under an ordinary department of government. As a Nova Scotian he had observed how lamentably direct party pressure on the Minister of Railways had reduced efficiency in the Intercolonial Railway, and he was convinced that such utilities should be managed by commissions or corporations, independent of direct party pressures and the influence of patronage committees. How far he appreciated, or even foresaw, the more difficult and subtle problems of administration associated with these principles, is not clear; but at least his persistent enunciation of the principles was in itself something fresh and significant in Canadian national politics.

On the relations of Dominion and Empire in the plastic period 1912-20, there is an abundance of interesting evidence in the *Memoirs*—too much indeed for a satisfactory survey in this article. The main story is, of course, already well known, and has been related by Borden himself in his two previously published books.[5] The *Memoirs* merely add fresh illustrative evidence from his diaries and letters, and serve to give a more complete picture of his driving energy in seeking a direct and full consultation with the British government, and in obtaining information when Canadian interests were involved. Typical of his correspondence when aroused was that with the resident minister in London, Sir George Perley, in the late part of 1915 and the early part of 1916. He had ordered Perley to inform Bonar Law that the Canadian Cabinet desired more consultation on the conduct of the War. But Bonar Law doubted whether any greater consultation

[4]Shortly after he came into office Borden appointed Sir George Murray, a distinguished British public servant, to report on the organization of the service in Canada. Murray's valuable report appeared in 1912, but no immediate action was taken to implement its recommendations.

[5]*Canadian Constitutional Studies*, Toronto, 1922; *Canada and the Commonwealth*, Oxford, 1929.

was practicable, and the result was a vigorous rejoinder from Borden to Perley which remarked in part:

> It can hardly be expected that we shall put 400,000 or 500,000 men in the field and willingly accept the position of having no more voice and receiving no more consideration than if we were toy automata. Any person cherishing such an expectation harbours an unfortunate and even dangerous delusion. Is this war being waged by the United Kingdom alone, or is it a war waged by the whole Empire? If I am correct in supposing that the second hypothesis must be accepted then why do the statesmen of the British Isles arrogate to themselves solely the methods by which it shall be carried on in the various spheres of warlike activity and the steps which shall be taken to assure victory and a lasting peace?
>
> It is for them to suggest the method and not for us. If there is no available method, and if we are expected to continue in the role of automata, the whole situation must be reconsidered.
>
> Procrastination, indecision, inertia, doubt, hesitation and many other undesirable qualities have made themselves entirely too conspicuous in this War. During my recent visit to England a very prominent Cabinet Minister in speaking of the officers of another department said that he did not call them traitors but he asserted that they could not have acted differently if they had been traitors. They are still doing duty and five months have elapsed. Another very able Cabinet Minister spoke of the shortage of guns, rifles, munitions, etc., but declared that the chief shortage was of brains.[6]

Borden's argument, on this and subsequent occasions, for recognition of the status of the Dominions bore fruit, particularly in the constitution of the Imperial War Cabinet, and in the right, recognized in July, 1917, for the Prime Ministers of the Dominions to have direct communication with the Prime Minister of the United Kingdom and *vice versa*.[7] The battle won in 1917 prepared the way for the recognition of the Dominions at the Peace Conference, although even then candid and emphatic speech by Borden was occasionally necessary before adequate acknowledgment of Canada's status as nation was achieved. His place in the annals of Canada's national growth is secure and indubitable.

On Borden's personality and character the *Memoirs* are inevitably revealing, especially the quotations from his diary. He was not without vanity. Repeatedly he tells us of the many occasions when he was complimented for the fluency of his French or the effectiveness of his speeches. Yet his vanity does not irritate. Probably his colleagues were hardly conscious of it at all because

[6] *Memoirs*, II, pp. 622-3.

[7] See *Memoirs*, II, p. 828.

it was fully offset by other and sterling qualities: impressive sincerity, dauntless courage, an absorbing sense of duty, a sympathy, reserved but real, and, especially in discussion, a broad sagacity. All of these traits emerged best in the ordeal of war. Indeed if the reader laid down the *Memoirs* before he had reached the war administration, he might excusably carry away the impression of a very conscientious and industrious, but a somewhat unimaginative lawyer-politician—a prosaic type which has all too frequently been thrown up in Canadian politics. The challenging responsibilities of leadership in the War drew out the latent and striking power in that unity of sober qualities which constituted his character. Instances abound in the *Memoirs* of his sagacious judgment, and in some cases we have corroborative evidence in the reminiscences of British statesmen.

Of great interest are his personal relations with Laurier, for whom his admiration was obvious and genuine. In certain patent respects they were men of diverse types. Laurier possessed more imagination, more style, more brilliancy. By the time that Borden became Prime Minister in 1911, his opponent as leader of the Liberals had long been looked upon as a kind of venerable institution in the life of the Dominion, the courtly knight, the mature Sir Galahad, admired not merely as a force but as an ornament in parliament. Borden was cast in a mould of inferior lustre, although his qualities were only a little less useful in political leadership. Despite the many sharp divergences of view on political issues, the friendship of the two men stood firm, and Borden, while caustic in his comments at some time or other on nearly all his colleagues, is almost unfailingly generous in his remarks on Laurier. Such was even the case in 1917 when he strove hard to bring Laurier into the Union Government. After describing his futile efforts, he generously admits at the end that there were powerful influences which in great part excused Laurier, though he would have preferred the Liberal chieftain to take the risk of repudiating these influences. There was a tacit and admirable pact between them, to which both were always faithful, that the deliberations and debates of parliament should be conducted on a uniformly high plane of dignity; and this pact greatly elevated the tone of discussion in the Canadian House of Commons.

Borden was without petty ambition and the craving for power for its own sake. He entered parliament with reluctance; with

reluctance also he accepted the leadership of the Liberal-Conservatives. Often in the succeeding years he was ready to resign if the interests of the party and the country required it. Even in his most trying experience, the formation of the Union Government in 1917, he was prepared to hand over the reins to anyone who could better achieve a representative ministry. Throughout these years his health was far from good. For days at a time he was confined to bed, but his driving will seldom allowed relaxation in his work, in his ever meticulous attention to affairs. Yet even on such occasions, as his diary indicates, he was pestered by the self-seekers—those who wanted titles, jobs, contracts. He might well feel satisfied, when the War was over, the peace negotiations completed, and some hurried preparations made for the new era, to take his release and enter in his diary the remark quoted on the last page of the *Memoirs:* "Democracy is always ungrateful, forgetful and neglectful. I am very happy to have given up my public duties and to have retired from public life."

THE CANADIANS*

ERIC A. WALKER

Mr H. G. Wells has repeatedly and vehemently defended those historians who, braving the slings and arrows of the specialists, try to "get history across" to the general public. Mr Wells is right. There is room in Clio's halls for historians of many kinds, including those who plead that history need not, and indeed cannot, all be written from original sources, lest each man be condemned to labour in a narrow field and have no time to lift up his eyes to behold the sweep of the landscape. If history is to play its part in democratic education, professional historians must sometimes turn away from their own private and particular collection of facts, and use at second hand the vast mass of reliable material that has been piled up by the researches of multitudes of men during the past two hundred years or so. Those who have already worked over some special field right down to the subsoil will

**The Canadians: The Story of a People*, by G. M. Wrong. The Macmillan Company of Canada, 1938, $2.00.

probably make the best use of that material, for they will know how to test and evaluate it. As the long list of his specialized works abundantly testify, Professor Wrong is such a man. A general history of Canada from his pen, a history excellently well written and printed, free from the customary barbed-wire entanglements of foot-notes and the massive entrenchments of appendices, a history made to be read, is an event to be welcomed far beyond the borders of the Dominion.

Further, Professor Wrong has defied those who say that the historian must be content to stop at a safe and respectable distance from the present day, since he cannot see events near-by in proper perspective, nor read the secret documents which reveal the springs of policy, nor free himself from the passions of the moment. To all of which the answer is that even events near-by are in some sort of perspective, and that that perspective will go on altering as they recede further into the past (which, incidentally, is one reason for believing that there will always be work for historians in restating history generation by generation). Next, even if the historian cannot get at the private papers of men still living or but newly dead, he will have as much chance of making something intelligible out of those documents that are available to him, if only by reading between the familiar lines, as he would of more copious supplies couched in an idiom that is not his and born of an age that is subtly different from his own. Finally and conclusively, since men must have an interpretation of their immediate past to guide them in their present actions, professional historians, with their special training and presumably judicial temperaments, must try to give it to them. If they do not, ever-ready enthusiasts or partisans on the hustings, in the pulpit or the press, or on the railway platform most certainly will. And as Artemus Ward once said, "It ain't that people don't know things, it's the number of things they know that ain't so that causes the trouble." It is heartening, therefore, to find a veteran like Professor Wrong boldly carrying his story of the Canadian people as near to the present day as is Lord Tweedsmuir's journey along the Mackenzie River to the Arctic Ocean in the summer of 1937.

Professor Wrong has done for Canada from the first beginnings what Professor S. E. Morison did some years ago for the United States between 1783 and 1917. He has written a vivid and easily comprehended history of the land and people. At every turn the

reader, and especially perhaps the non-Canadian reader, is delighted by a description of scenery in this part of the Dominion or that, by some picture of social life, or a thumb-nail sketch of a bishop, intendant, or explorer, a governor, a politician, or a railway magnate. Politics, economics, and geography are shown interlocked and reacting one upon the other all along the line. Again, the author never loses sight, as so many colonial and dominion historians have done, of Europe in the background; and, being a Canadian, he cannot, in the manner of so many writers on the eastern shore of the Atlantic, allow the United States to sink away below the horizon after "the regrettable incident" of 1783. At the last he suggests that Canada, as the one great community on American soil that has maintained a political link with a still larger community in Europe, is better qualified than any other to interpret the New World to the Old and the Old World to the New.

The best chapters in the book are those which tell of the rise and fall of New France: the early discoveries, the search for the road to "la Chine," the scrambling for a foothold when everything seemed to depend on the tenacity of one or two men or the happy arrival of a ship from Dieppe, and then the striking of roots, at Port Royal first, and presently at Quebec and Montreal. The story is admirably told of the building in the valley of the St. Lawrence of a French society, feudal, clerical, centralized, and behind it the dispersion of intrepid explorers and devoted missionaries away westward to the Rocky Mountains and southward to the Gulf of Mexico. Only second in excellence are the chapters on Canada's share in the War of American Independence, the part played in British North America by the United Empire Loyalists, luckless political migrants of the kind with which our world has become painfully familiar, and the successful resistance to American invasion during the War of 1812.

It is perhaps natural that, to one reader at all events, this earlier half of the book is the most attractive and convincing; for not only is the story dramatic and, in spite of the small numbers concerned, significant for the future, but Professor Wrong's detailed researches have lain almost entirely within this period and he writes here with the sureness of touch and the enthusiasm of a master. A high level of achievement is maintained throughout the chapters which tell of the working out of responsible govern-

ment in Canada proper and the Maritime Provinces, with the United States just beyond the undefended frontier as a standing and sometimes threatening republican alternative to self-government within the Empire; but from that point onward the lively interest and cohesion of the story seem to diminish.

Perhaps it could not have been otherwise. From the point of view of the historian, especially of one who is avowedly writing a popular book, it is a misfortune that the crisis in the political life of the Dominion came so long ago. The political unity of Canada was achieved when our grandfathers were still young, and since then three generations of Canadians have had to undertake the humdrum task of maintaining that unity and of filling in the framework provided by the Confederation's acquisition of the Hudson's Bay Company's territories and the northern Pacific slope. The absence of dramatic foreign affairs, at all events until 1914, as Professor Wrong frankly admits, make the annals of federal Canada a trifle dull; but, as he truly notes, there is real romance in "taming the wilderness . . . and the passing from a dependent colony to a young nation in charge of a considerable portion of the surface of the earth." The comment is so just that a reviewer may be pardoned for regretting that the author did not allow an ampler canvas for this part of his panorama, the nearest to us in time and surely not the least significant. He might then have revealed this romance more clearly, and at the least, in a history of a people, he might have given a fuller and perhaps more hopeful account of Canadian literature in the two languages, and certainly of the distinctive school of Canadian painting.

There is indeed an undercurrent of disillusionment running through the last few chapters, especially those on the decades since the conclusion of the Great War. Doubtless this reflects the Canadian recoil from the optimism of the early nineteen-hundreds, when the Dominion, in the confident expectation that it would in the not distant future be numbered among the mighty peoples of the earth, furnished its seven millions with three competing lines of railway from the Atlantic to the Pacific. But it reflects also the state of mind of English-speaking folk in most parts of the world, and not least of those in Great Britain itself. Times have changed; things are not what they once were, and the future is uncertain.

One section of the Canadian people, however, seems to be

certain of itself. New France may have lacked the population which could alone have made the dream of a Bourbon North America come true, for then as now few Frenchmen could endure to leave "la doulce pays de France." For all that, the French Canadians today number about thirty per cent of the Dominion's population, and enthusiasts among them foresee a time when they will dominate by sheer weight of numbers and racial solidarity. It may be so—stranger things have happened; but however far distant the day when the vigorous French-Canadian birth-rate may reverse the military decision of 1759, the present fact would seem to be that *les Canadiens* are more sharply divided from their neighbours of British and other stocks than are the Afrikanders from the British in South Africa. No doubt, like those two peoples, French and British Canadians have a growing fund of common fears and hopes and experiences, and to that extent can be regarded as one people; it may be cheerfully admitted that a Canadian can judge far better than anyone else how far the North Americanism that is common to both sections outweighs the forces that make for separation; nevertheless, the perusal of Professor Wrong's most welcome volume may prompt oversea readers to ask whether the sub-title should not have been "The Story of Two Peoples."

PURITANISM AND LIBERTY*

Ernest Barker

This volume took its origin from an incursion of the philosophers (an admirable incursion, which brought home rich spoils) into the domain of the historians. In some lectures on "The Essentials of Democracy," delivered in 1929, Dr. A. D. Lindsay, the Master of Balliol College, Oxford, went to the Clarke Papers, and to the record which they contain of the Putney Debates of the New Model Army in October, 1647, for his starting point. Here, he said, "we happen to possess a first hand account . . . of a memorable debate on the principles of democratic government." He analysed the principles

**Puritanism and Liberty: Being the Army Debates (1647-9) from Clarke Manuscripts, with supplementary documents,* selected and edited with an introduction by A. S. P. Woodhouse, Dent (London), 1938, 18*s.* net.

of the debate in his lectures, and afterwards, anxious that the record of the debate should be published in an accessible form, he induced Professor Woodhouse to undertake an edition of the relevant part of the Clarke Papers. Professor Woodhouse has not only done what he was asked to do: he has done far more. He has not only edited the record of the Putney Debates of 1647 in a new and revised text, which constitutes the First Part and contains about a quarter of the documents which he has printed: he has also done four other things. In the first place he has edited, again in a new and revised text, the record of the Whitehall Debates of the Army at the end of 1648 and the beginning of 1649, which constitutes the Second Part of his book. In the second place he has given, in an appendix at the end which contains over 100 pages, a number of additional documents—some illustrating the spirit and the organization of the Army; others recording the Reading Debates of July, 1647, which preceded the great debate at Putney; and others, again, supplementing the record given in the Clarke Papers of the Putney and Whitehall Debates. In the third place he has printed in Part III of his book a large number of extracts from contemporary (and also some earlier) writers, which illustrate Puritan Views on Liberty. This is the core and the backbone of his book: this Part includes nearly half (or more than 200 pages) of the total body of documents: it transcends the theme of the Army and of the debates in the Army, which occupies the rest of the book: it ranges from Luther and Calvin, through Milton and Roger Williams, to Lilburne and Gerrard Winstanley. Finally, and above all, Professor Woodhouse has added an introduction of nearly 100 pages which is almost a substantial book in itself, which goes deeply into the questions of the state of parties, the Puritan mind, and the contributions of Puritanism to Liberty and Democracy.

So far as the editorial work in the 500 pages of documents is concerned, Professor Woodhouse has worked like a Trojan—or a Scaliger. His textual work alone (especially on the Clarke Papers) must have cost many months of close and steady labour. He has not been content simply to accept the labours of his predecessors, even when the predecessor was of the magnitude of Sir Charles Firth, the original editor of the Clarke Papers: he has gone to the original text or (where books are concerned) the original printed edition; and the fifteen pages of detailed "Notes on Text" illustrate and prove his scrupulous care for exact and scholarly accuracy. It

is a question, however, whether he has not overloaded his book by the volume and range of his selection. It was a natural temptation to go beyond the Clarke Papers, and to explore the great fountains of doctrine which are collected, in their nine several reservoirs or under their nine several headings, in the massive Part III of the volume. But in succumbing to this temptation, Professor Woodhouse has not only lengthened his volume: he has also disturbed its balance. There are two essential halves of the book. One half is concerned with the Army: the other half is concerned with what may be called the doctrinal background of its deliberations. The part concerning the Army is unfortunately scattered—scattered both in chronology and its place in the book. It is distributed between Parts I and II, which come at the beginning, and the appendix, which comes at the end. In particular, the beginnings of the Army are placed in the appendix at the end (under headings A, B, and C); and again matters supplementary to the record of the Army contained in Parts I and II—matters which should be read along with the record there contained—are divorced and separated from it. This is likely to make the use of the book more difficult than, perhaps, it need have been. I am inclined to suggest that in a new edition there might be a new distribution of the material. I am even inclined to wonder whether there might not even be some retrenchment—not of the material from the Clarke Papers, but of the other material. In any case I should like to see some tautening of the cords. The Agreement of the People, for example, involves the reader in a constant chase from place to place. To read by the pursuit of cross-references is to read in a distracted way.

I come to the Introduction. I have read it from beginning to end with admiration, and with singular profit. It transcends political science: it carries the reader from political into social theory (the general theory of the nature and ends of human society), and from that, in turn, into the general view of God's dealings with man, in the order of nature and the order of grace, on which a theory of society (or of community, if we prefer that word) must ultimately depend. Professor Woodhouse does not move—any more than those whose sayings and writings he records ever moved—in terms of the State and the State only. He moves in the threefold terms of State, Community, and Church. He has at his call theology and sociology as well as political theory. That is the chief and the sovereign value of his Introduction. I confess that I found it difficult

reading. The substance is admirably good, but the presentation might be simplified. The author's analysis is subtle and full of nuances, but it is almost kaleidoscopic in its rapid succession of ideas and points of view. The enthusiasm of his own mind, and the multiplicity of his theme and of his evidence, congest the presentation, and prevent the drawing of firm and simple lines. The argument winds round: sometimes it returns upon itself, and presents again, in a new context, an idea already treated before. But it remains an admirable, a sympathetic, and an understanding argument. Professor Woodhouse has made his way into the heart of Puritanism—and the more because he is familiar, unless I am mistaken, with modern Calvinistic theology. The only theme on which I could have desired him to say more—or rather to have drawn more closely together the valuable points and suggestions contained in various parts of his Introduction—is the theme of the value of discussion, as a method leading to the progressive interpretation of truth and to the attainment of a common consent and a common mind. The Army debates show many things; but perhaps the greatest thing they show is the Puritan habit of discussion and the Puritan trust in putting minds fairly together. The technique of Puritanism is almost as important as its doctrine.

All in all, the book is a treasure-house. It not only illustrates the abiding foundations of Anglo-Saxon democracy: it also illuminates the spiritual depths in which the foundations are laid. Each of us might have written this or that part of the Introduction, or selected this or that section of the documents, in a different way from Professor Woodhouse. I think I should myself have brought Cromwell into a greater relief, and I think I should have drawn from passages in his letters and speeches in exemplifying Puritan "Views on Liberty." (But I might, in that case, have had to go beyond the limit of 1650 to which Professor Woodhouse has confined himself.) All of us must, however, acknowledge the author's right to follow his own way. And we must do far more than that. We must record that he has pursued his way with great scholarship and great success, and that he has brought to the understanding and elucidation of his subject a mind at once subtle and sympathetic, which imposes no preconceptions on the material, but makes it speak for itself and deliver its own lessons and implications.

CANADIAN-AMERICAN FRIENDSHIP*

JOHN P. HUMPHREY

The first of the books under review, which is a study of Canadian attitudes and opinions regarding Americans and the United States, based on investigations sponsored by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, may be described as a monument to Canadian prejudice. The second is a study in diplomatic history, and while it is devoted primarily to an examination of the factors contributing to the rise of Anglo-American friendship in the period 1898-1906, it contains a great deal of information on Canadian-American relations during the same period.

If it were not for the fact observed by Professor MacIver, that "the mere appeal to good-will can scarcely make headway against the conditions that everywhere foster prejudice and stimulate unfavourable attitudes," one might question whether it would not have been more conducive to international goodwill had the results of the investigations sponsored by the Carnegie Endowment remained unpublished. An effort must be made to control the conditions themselves, and in order to do this we must first see things as they are. The avowed purpose of this book is to give us the facts. Notwithstanding the admitted sandpapering, the picture which results is hardly a pretty one; for while Canadians are shown to be friendly enough to individual Americans, their attitude towards the United States as a political community has not, until recently, been much better than attitudes prevalent in an older continent. Nevertheless, one may doubt the correctness of the statement made in the Toronto *Globe* in 1895, that Canadians were ready to accept the possibility of a war with the United States over the Venezuelan boundary "without murmuring." A section of the Canadian press, for example the Montreal *Gazette*, was disposed to regard President Cleveland's scarcely veiled threats as made for election purposes; and the same paper said that "it would be folly to look with complacency on such a crisis." But one listens in vain in this period for anything but a faint echo of Arthur Balfour's statement that the idea of war with the United States carried with it "some of the

**Canada and Her Great Neighbor*, edited by H. F. Angus, with an introduction by R. M. MacIver, Ryerson, 1938, $5.50.

The Rise of Anglo-American Friendship, by Lionel M. Gelber, Oxford, 1938, $5.00.

unnatural horror of a civil war." Newspapers, however, are at least as much opinion-forming agencies as reliable mirrors of opinions actually held, a fact which the investigators seem to have forgotten in several instances; and it is to be hoped that Balfour's sentiments were shared by many Canadians.

Incidents such as the Venezuelan boundary dispute have fortunately been rare; and Canadian unfriendliness to the United States has more often expended itself in petty criticism. We are too familiar with the forms this criticism takes. They are all examined here; and one wonders what enormities the editors can possibly have deleted by the sandpapering process referred to above. Unfair criticism of the United States is not confined to Canada. I remember a conversation that I had several years ago with a well-known French historian, in the course of which he attributed many of the ills of modern France to "l'américanisme." I was glad to be able to challenge his statement and to point out that what he called "l'américanisme" was a universal phenomenon, born of industrialism and urbanization. This phenomenon is no more specifically American than is the setting of the sun or the movement of the tides. The conditions which the historian had in mind were, it is true, more pronounced in the United States than in other countries, but this was only because the process of industrialization, and hence urbanization, had gone further in that country than in any other. Having regard to their close proximity to the United States, and to the fact that the American industrial system is the only one with which they have had any intimate experience, Canadians are particularly apt to make the same mistake. When one remembers the distorted view of American life which comes to us by the radio, the movies, and the tabloids, and the prejudices which are largely (but not altogether) remnants of colonialism, one need not be surprised at the unfavourable attitudes and opinions of Canadians regarding the United States, which this book reveals. This brings us to a consideration of educational policy. "The plain fact is that Canadian citizens of the future are being brought up in closer contact with the life and culture of a politically foreign country than any other children in the world. It is not within the power of governments to change this fact, but it is within their power to accord intelligent recognition to it. Such recognition, if it were accorded, would take the form of including in the school curriculum instruction designed to correlate and organize the varied impressions which Canadian children pick

up about the United States." It must not be thought, however, that the book is a brief for educational reform: the authors rarely turn aside from their main purpose, which is to state as objectively as possible the attitudes and opinions actually manifested by Canadians.

It must be admitted, however, that the Canadian attitude to the United States has improved since the Great War. Armed conflict with the United States today would be unthinkable whatever the issue involved. Another example of changed attitudes is the reception accorded the recent trade agreements as compared with the reaction to the Reciprocity Treaty in 1911: Canadians are, apparently, no longer afraid of American absorption.

An important feature of the book is the light which it throws on the Canadian character, though the reader will be obliged to ask himself more than once whether there is any such thing as a distinct Canadian character. The positive content of a popularly held ideal of that character is set forth on page 245; and the ideal is described as "essentially dull" and "apt to repel the youth of the country," a judgment with which many will agree. The poverty of English-Canadian national life, when all considerations based on imperial pageantry and sentiment are subtracted, is indicated in the introduction to the tenth chapter.

Finally, a defect must be censured. The objects of the investigations made in the different provinces were, apparently, not always the same. Moreover, certain matters are dealt with from the point of view of one province or a group of provinces only. As a result, it is impossible to know whether a conclusion which is stated with reference, for example, to a Western province also applies to an Eastern province; and it is difficult to make useful comparisons between the provinces.

Mr Gelber's book covers the period from 1898 to 1906. The settlement of the Venezuelan crisis in 1895 had opened the way for the British offer (of March, 1898) to collaborate with the United States in the Far East. The Americans, who were then on the verge of war with Spain, rejected the offer, probably because they viewed it as an invitation to pick British chestnuts out of the fire. Nevertheless, the friendly attitude adopted in the Spanish war soon indicated Britain's realization that her interests would be best served by a policy of co-operation with the United States. The turn which events had taken had made it necessary to find friends in both Asia

and America to whom the responsibility of guarding British interests in those continents could be left while Britain concentrated her forces nearer home. Hence the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, to which in 1902 the United States could have no objections, and the increasing approval with which the Monroe Doctrine was viewed in England. The British point of view was well summed up as regards the latter by Francis Bertie, Assistant Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, who, referring to German ambitions in South America, said: "They may safely be left to be dealt with by the United States." Britain did not begin to concentrate her fleet in home waters, however, until she had a further lesson in the implications of the Monroe Doctrine in the crisis resulting from the Anglo-German blockade of Venezuela in 1902-3. Incidentally, Fisher's withdrawal of the North American squadron made it clear that henceforth Canada was to be defended not by the British Navy, but by the Monroe Doctrine, a fact which Mr Gelber recognizes (p. 132).

The British persevered in their effort to secure American friendship, notwithstanding the fact that they were not always encouraged by the Americans themselves. This was particularly true after Theodore Roosevelt became president. Moreover, there were two important differences between the two countries, which were still unsettled: the Alaskan boundary dispute, and the Isthmian question. As regards the latter, the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty of 1850 had precluded the United States from building a canal across Central America without the permission of Great Britain. The British wanted to share in the building of the canal, or, failing that, an agreement that the canal zone should be neutralized. The American Senate, however, had made up its mind that the canal would be one hundred per cent American; and negotiations were launched to revise the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. This situation could have been used as a lever to force a settlement of the Alaskan dispute; and the Canadians were naturally anxious that the imperial government should so use it. The Americans, however, were adamant in their insistence that the two questions should be considered separately, and this solution prevailed after a feeble effort on the part of Whitehall. The Isthmian question was finally settled by the complete surrender of the British; and Canada's interests in the Alaskan dispute were to have the same fate. A full chapter is devoted to the latter question. The Alaskan boundary dispute is undoubtedly one of the most important events in Canadian diplomatic history. It is

also the most painful event in the history of Canadian-American relations; for it is hardly an exaggeration to say that the treatment which Canada received from the United States in 1903 was as bad as the treatment which Czechoslovakia received from Germany in 1938. Nor did we get effective help from Whitehall, which, notwithstanding the recent Canadian contribution to the British cause in the Boer War, was far more interested in obtaining the goodwill of the United States than in retaining the goodwill of Canada. In 1903 Canada was a pawn which Great Britain sacrificed in the great game of power politics. The story is well told by Mr Gelber and need not be repeated here. As soon as the four "impartial jurists" had announced their decision, there was a loud outcry from the Dominion; but, says Mr Gelber, this outcry "was not that of a poor loser, but the shrill anger of a litigant whose case, good or bad, had been accorded an unfair trial." Canada, however, was soon to become the chief champion of Anglo-American friendship; and at the Imperial Conference of 1921, the Canadian Prime Minister insisted that the Anglo-Japanese Treaty be allowed to lapse in the interest of American friendship. The shoe was now on the other foot.

Space will not permit a review of the part played by Great Britain and the United States in the other major incidents of the period—the Russo-Japanese War, the Moroccan crisis, and the Algeciras Conference. Suffice it to say that while the Canadian reader will find this part of the book of less direct interest to him, he will never be bored.

The indirect style in which the book is written detracts somewhat from its quality. But Mr Gelber is to be congratulated for his sally into a field which has been largely neglected by Canadian writers.